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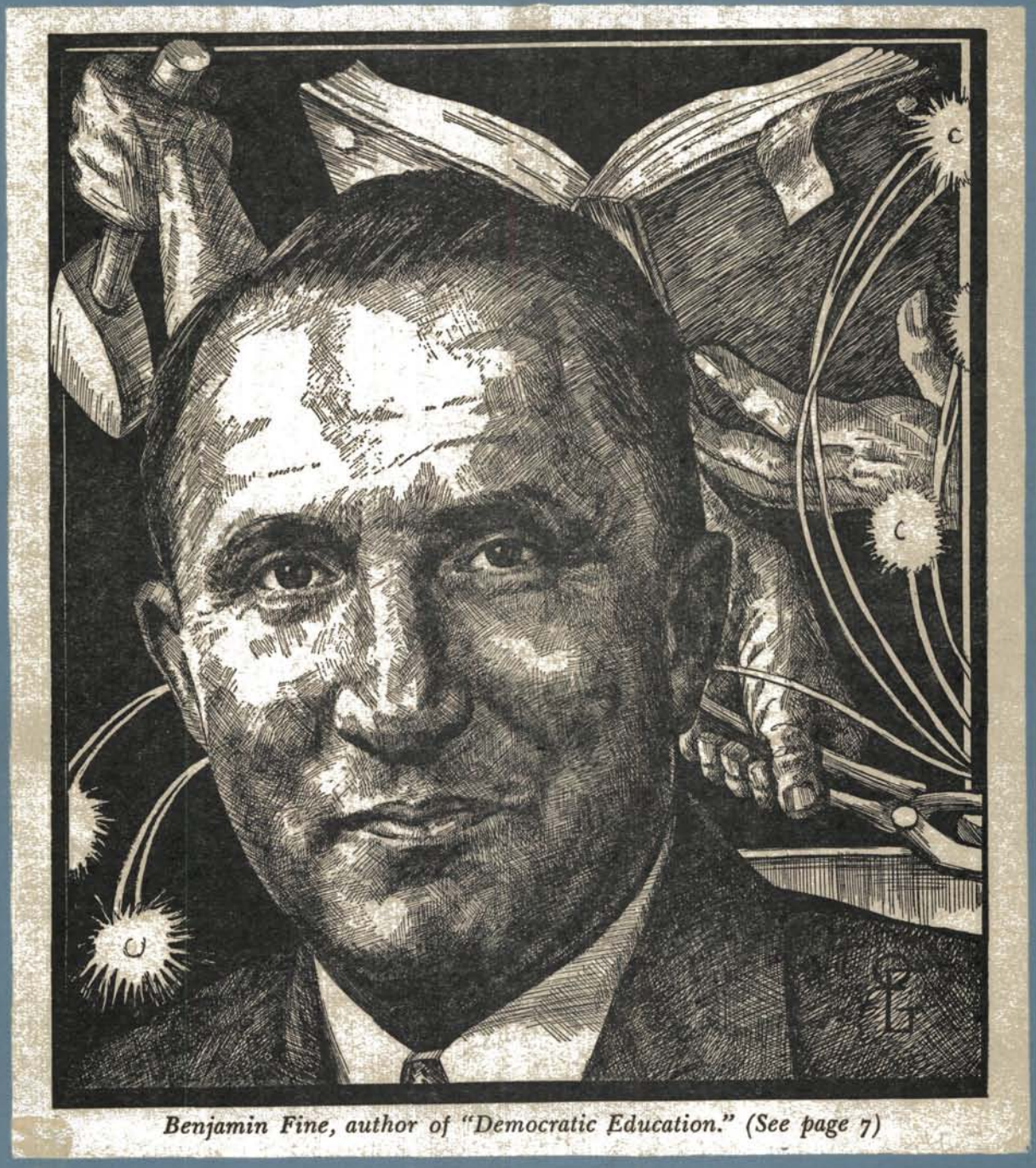

Benjamin Fine, author of "Democratic Education." *(See page 7)*

Beyond Utopia

By ARTHUR E. MORGAN

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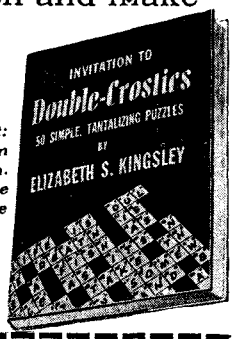

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"Among the very best of the derring-do mysteries are these by two English writers who go under one name." That *New York Sun* quote reflects the general tone of the reviewers when considering the team of Adelaide Francis Manning and Cyril Henry Coles, who pool their names and their talents to produce the thrillers that make the name MANNING COLES synonomous with exciting reading. Their amazingly successful results come from personal experience in British Military Intelligence, which figures so dramatically in their stories.

Drink To Yesterday was the first, in which *Thomas Elphinstone Hambledon*, secret agent extraordinary, made his debut. In World War I *Hambledon* and a comrade attempted to escape to England when a blunder exposed their identity, but the waiting gunboat sailed away with Saunders, leaving *Hambledon* in a hostile country, to cope with his peril alone.

The thrilling sequel, **A Toast To Tomorrow**, finds *Tommy* in a German Naval hospital, with his identity and past life shrouded in the mists of amnesia—the result of a bad head wound. Known as Klaus Lehmann by the Germans, they never doubt that he is one of them, and he becomes a power in the growing Nazi party . . . and ultimately Chief of Police of Berlin. It was an awkward and yet a beautiful time for "Herr Lehmann" to recover his memory. He remained Lehmann to the Germans, while contriving to let British Intelligence know that *Hambledon* was once more on the job.

Returning to peacetime England, after 20 years' absence, *Tommy* discovers in **They Tell No Tales** that counter-espionage is more dangerous than glamorous, as he stalks the enemy agents.

Still operating in England in **Without Lawful Authority,** *Tommy* runs into a nest of housebreakers, blackmailers, and a boarding house with spies among the aspidistra. Whimsical policemen and sinister strangers lead him a perilous, yet merry chase, and he winds up in a desperate free-for-all.

Through a rapid interchange of mistaken identities, **Green Hazard** finds *Tommy Hambledon* back in Berlin, in the midst of World War II. As the Herr Professor Ulseth, "German" inventor of a deadly explosive, he is given the keys to the city, and repays this hospitality by quite literally blasting h . . . out of the Nazis. With true *Hambledon* humor, *Tommy* manages to be deported to England just at the moment when Goebbels is murmuring, "Now where did I see that face before?"

We think you will admit that *Tommy Hambledon's* career up to now has been as devoid of serenity as it has been steeped in danger. And **THE FIFTH MAN,** the January Crime Club Selection, in no way departs from the *Hambledon* tradition of humor, hair-raising adventure and **suspense.**

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ONE OF the most painful experiences during the acute stage of the paper shortage was having to let that 4009-page household requisite become a wartime casualty. Newly married couples setting up housekeeping could learn to toast bread in the oven, keep the milk on the windowsill during the winter, and clean house the old-fashioned way instead of with a vacuum cleaner, but what could they use for THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE? There is no substitute. A five-foot shelf of the works of individual poets? In the first place, where were they to find five feet of shelf space, with everybody moving in with somebody else on account of housing shortages? In the second place, five feet would have been a mere beginning, and there would be gaps that only a large library of separate collections could fill.

Here, in two sturdily bound volumes, taking up five inches of shelf space and weighing six pounds and six ounces, is practically our whole heritage of poems in the English language, from the time of Spenser to 1925 where THE HOME BOOK OF MODERN VERSE takes over. Mr. Stevenson limits his compilation to "the best short poems", but he hasn't been too rigid in his definition of "short", and he has also managed to sneak in excerpts from many of the longer classics. THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE owes its great value to the uncanny instinct with which the compiler has chosen the poems. Whether the reader's taste is classical or popular, he finds almost everything he ever memorized in school or ever wanted to reread, and a vast amount of less familiar poetry besides.

Mr. Stevenson has arranged the 3700 or more poems by subjects under seven main heads. Part I, Poems of Youth and Age, contains nursery rhymes and children's verse, Christmas carols, and poems on man, woman, and every age of the lifetime. The longest section in the book is Part II, Poems of Love, covering all the moods of love—fervor, frenzy, melancholy, sorrow—and also the reactions of others to the eccentricities of love. In Part III, Poems of Nature, are all those songs that make us hanker after the life of a gypsy. Familiar Verse, and Poems, Humorous and Satiric is the heading of Part IV, which includes gentle humor, barbed satire, parodies, limericks, drinking songs, and such important works as "Casey at the Bat". The second longest section, Part V, is something of a catchall. Under the heading of Poems of Patriotism, History, and Legend, one finds the best-known national songs of the United States, England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, and France; soldier songs; historical poems like "Horatius at the Bridge" and "Casabianca"; poems about places; and ballads, both the traditional and the ones of known authorship.

By giving the word "sentiment" the broadest possible meaning, the compiler is able to include in Part VI, Poems of Sentiment and Reflection, not only a variety of poems on philosophy, the conduct of life, and friendship, but also a group of narrative poems, from "The Scholar-Gipsy" and "The Eve of St. Agnes" to "The Face upon the Floor". (This is the one most people call "The Face on the Barroom Floor".) The last part, Poems of Sorrow, Death, and Immortality, contains hymns as well as such familiar poems as "Thanatopsis", Gray's "Elegy", and "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed."

A 31-page appendix gives the originals of Latin, German, and French poems of which translations or paraphrases may be found in the main body of the compilation. There is an index of authors, with brief biographical notes, titles of poems included, and page references. This is followed by indexes of first lines and titles.

As a reviewer in the *Nation* remarked of the first edition in 1912, "Altogether, the apparatus shows unusual consideration for the reader's convenience." An understatement, if there ever was one.

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EDITED BY

Burton Egbert Stevenson

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Beyond Utopia

ARTHUR E. MORGAN

A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which Humanity is always landing. And when Humanity lands there, it looks out, and, seeing a better country, sets sail. Progress is the realization of Utopias.—Oscar Wilde, *The Soul of Man under Socialism.*

It is inherent in human nature to tend to give greatest attention and greatest weight to the most immediate needs and desires. A boy or girl longs to finish grade school and to leave childhood and its inferior status behind. That step seems to be the greatest of a lifetime. A few years later, as higher schooling draws to a close, there is an intense desire to be on one's own, and again that one step seems so important that, in comparison with it, the remaining problems of life appear to be simple. Then follows desire for a mate and for a home, and so it continues through life; at each point the next step appears to be the one important remaining hurdle.

There are some universal cravings which, being seldom fully satisfied, accumulate in the general social consciousness until their satisfaction seems to be *the* great human need. Men think that if these wants should be filled, the remaining way would be clear. Whoever concentrates his attention on them is thought to be a "practical" person; whoever shows keen interest in more distant ends is frequently classed as idealist or dreamer.

Utopias for the most part have dealt with elemental needs of men, such as abundance of food, shelter, and clothing; freedom from oppression, freedom from excessive toil; peace and leisure, and opportunity for self-expression free from frustration. To present a clear picture of a society in which these needs would be securely met is to make a moving appeal to the spirits of men. There is a general conviction that, given fulfillment of human need in these respects, life would be good, and that if any problems should remain they would be of less critical import and could be faced with confidence.

This conviction survives the nearly universal experience of everyday life that as any goal is won, no matter how eagerly it has been sought, the satisfaction of its possession tends to fade, and other cravings arise in its place. This almost universal expectation, though contrary to almost universal human experience, is evidence of the importance which immediate incentives play in biological survival.

So rarely is it the lot of men to fulfill all their obvious needs and desires that seldom are they without immediate pressing wants, and seldom does the question arise as to what would be the value of living if all these needs should be securely filled. Edward Bellamy, in one of his notebooks, pointed out one advantage of the pursuit of wealth. He wrote, "The fact that all the world goes after money saves a man the necessity of anxiously debating what his life is for." Even to raise the question implies an impractical vein in the questioner. Yet a discussion of Utopia which does not look beyond Utopia is sadly incomplete. It may even be true that until one has looked beyond Utopia, and thereby has seen it in its larger setting, his view of Utopia will be so out of perspective as to be misleading.

What lies beyond Utopia? The answer differs greatly for different people. There are men of so coarse texture that only animal satisfactions appeal to them. Take away interest in food and sex and in the excitement of physical activity, such as sports or war, and their life becomes flat. Other men and women are somewhat more highly organized, and find the stimulus of ambition to be less evanescent. Such persons supply much of the leadership in business, in politics, and in social competition.

All primitive incentives are highly subject to fading. As we ascend the scale of human interests, increasingly we find values that are more enduring. But even this is not a universal rule. Whoever wrote Ecclesiastes gave the world's classic expression to the disillusionment which so generally accompanies the fulfillment of specific human hopes:

> I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem; yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge. And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit.
>
> I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure; and, behold, this also is vanity. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards... And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy... Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought . . . and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit . . . Therefore I hated life . . .

Madame de Maintenon, beautiful, intelligent, and influential wife of Louis XIV, re-echoed the words of this preacher of ancient times: "I have been young and beautiful," she wrote to her niece, "I have tasted many pleasures; I have been universally beloved. At a more advanced age I have passed years in the intercourse of talent and wit, and I solemnly protest to you, that all conditions leave a frightful void."

The writer recalls the pathetic, eager seriousness with which a man of great wealth once asked him to bear his message to the students of Antioch College. "Won't you tell

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them," he said, "that riches do not bring happiness." Since but few can achieve material wealth, and not all of them have a feeling of social responsibility and capacity for expressing reflective thought, there are not many who will send such a message, and perhaps even fewer who will believe it.

A man's body can live in but a very narrow range of temperature. A little too hot or too cold, and he suffers; with greater extremes, he dies. Similarly a man can thrive in but a narrow range as to wants; that is, if needs are too pressing, life ceases, or loses its zest. When all his wants are filled, he may perish of tedium. Between the pressure of too much want, which kills the spirits of men, and makes them wish they never had been born, and the satiating of all desire, which leaves life flat and tasteless, or even repulsive, man must steer his course with wisdom, with humility and self-control, and perchance with faith. The zest which we would have for life must be maintained by travail of spirit. It will not of necessity follow any material utopia.

Inequality of wealth—it is an ill wind that does no good—has had some beneficial effects. Not the least of these is in revealing to us that Utopia may not mean felicity. Were all men equally poor and in need, they might all alike believe that material abundance would surely bring happiness (as so large a part of mankind believes now), and there would be no one to point out their delusion. Then, when abundance should be secured for all, what universal disillusionment would result! Perhaps mankind could not survive such unanimous disappointment. Is it not fortunate that some men, favored with all that wealth and position can buy, have served as scouts—to spy out the land and bring back reports of what they found?

Such men tell us that happiness is far more complex and elusive than we have realized. Few will believe them, yet those who believe least very often have no resources of interest except animal appetites. As Moses led his people forty years in the wilderness, until they should have the stamina to live in the Promised Land, do not men today need training for abundance before it is thrown into their laps? Is it not of the highest importance that we prepare for Utopia by thinking beyond it?

Utopia will not answer the more profound problems of life. It will only release men from immediate preoccupation with material want so that they can be aware of deeper issues. For every hundred men who can

stand adversity, there may be only ten, or only one, who can stand Utopia. Shakespeare has Hecate say in Macbeth:

> And you all know security
> Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Terrible as world conditions are, the great problem of mankind today is not to achieve Utopia, but to be prepared to survive it. A beautiful world is further away than a well-fed, prosperous one.

What would men do in Utopia? They would do the things they had learned along the way; for only those things would they have appetites, only in them would they take pleasure. What would Alexander the Great do in Utopia? He would start out to conquer the world, not because of poverty or hunger, not because of "the economic determination of history," but because of a dominant physiological drive, and he would know no other way. It was Alexander's great tutor and teacher, Aristotle, who said in his "Politics":

> There are crimes of which the motive is want; and for these Phaleas expects to find a cure in the equalization of property, which will take away from a man the temptation to be a highwayman, because he is hungry and cold. But want is not the sole incentive to crime; men desire to gratify some passion which preys upon them, or they are eager to enjoy the pleasures which are unaccompanied with pain, and therefore they commit crimes. . . . The fact is that the greatest crimes are caused by excess and not by necessity. Men do not become tyrants in order that they may not suffer cold.

Edward Bellamy, keen observer that he was, writing in his journal at the age of twenty-two, expressed about the same opinion as Aristotle:

> It is probably erroneous to suppose that the desire of transmitting wealth to descendants or leaving it to our families is a motive essential to great zeal in the accumulation of riches. . . . If very rich men are childless as they often are, or wifeless as they are likely to be, do we observe them less devoted to their passion of accumulation? . . . The gold-hunters prosecute their endless task because, by the subtle process of association of ideas, wealth in itself has come to seem valuable to them, although the only ends for which it is valuable are long ago secured.

It is not only among men of power that interests are determined by the cultural set of mind, rather than by opportunity. I recall as a boy hearing the talk of two farmer boys who had returned from the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. Though within reach of all its marvels, their days had alternated between the Chicago stock yards and houses of prostitution. They would have the same interests in Utopia, and they would soon find life unutterably dull.

If all men were today transported to Utopia, for a time they would be on vacation. They would rest their weary bones, and would eat what they always had desired but hitherto could not afford. Then boredom would begin. They would seek stirring experience. Limited to the range of interests they had achieved, they would do those things for which they had appetite and interests.

Economic and social justice may maintain a controlled range of economic temperature within which life may function best, but it will not supply lasting incentives for living, nor will it find them already in existence. They must be achieved. In the end we are driven back to that age-old truth, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." It is well that the approach to Utopia be gradual, so that little by little we may be tempered to the unprecedented demands it will put upon the human spirit.

But just as in physical life too hot or too cold are equally fatal, so too much want is as destructive as too little. Society still has far to go to achieve that degree of economic well-being in which, while man must work to live, life for many is not so difficult as to discourage a search for enduring values. It is well for the approach to Utopia to be uninterrupted, for time not spent in motion is time lost, and it may be death.

Given a state of society in which there is neither satiety nor extreme want, if the energies and interests of men should come to be focused on achievements of imperishable worth, instead of being consumed in conflict with each other or with external nature, each decade might see as great progress toward the goal as does a century today. The way at best will be long and difficult, yet it is faith that the potential values of life are worth living and working for which gives courage, hope, and enthusiasm to thinking men.

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The State of the Nation's Higher Education

Two Views of Benjamin Fine's New Book

Reviewed by MORTIMER J. ADLER

DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION. A Report on the Colleges. By Benjamin Fine. New York: Thomas W. Crowell Co. 1945. 241 *pp.* $2.50.

MR. Fine is the Education Editor of *The New York Times*. He has given himself the assignment of covering the colleges and reporting on the state of the nation's education. But reporting is one thing, and judging is another. The one requires care in observation, the other clarity and impartiality of mind. In this book Mr. Fine goes beyond reporting to try his mind at thinking about basic educational issues and judging the merits of the opposing sides. As a thinker he is confused. As a judge he is partisan, even polemical. In consequence, the reporting suffers. What Mr. Fine offers us as facts do not come to us free from the coloring and distortion of a marked editorial bias.

According to Mr. Fine the basic issue is between the aristocrats and the democrats. This is set forth in Chapters 1, 8, and 16, at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end of the book, sandwiching the oddly assorted facts in triple-decker style. I shall confine myself to the issue, for, if that is falsely stated, the facts become question-begging.

One would expect a democrat in education to say that *every* child who is to become a future citizen should be given the *maximum* of education—as much as his native capacity will permit. The essence of political democracy is universal suffrage. Universal schooling follows as a necessity, and the aims of all schooling from the kindergarten through college should be preparation for the tasks and duties of citizenship. Only the graduate and professional schools of the university can properly have narrower aims. The democratic faith is that, except for the feeble-minded who need hospitalization, all men are born with enough intelligence to become citizens, and that is enough intelligence to deserve a college education. Designed for *all*, college education should be general rather than specialized; specialized education belongs in the graduate and professional schools which train the few for special vocations.

The aristocratic position is the opposite at every point. Both citizenship and general education should be restricted to the few who have the requisite native endowments. Ignoring the fact that aristocrats are usually oligarchs in disguise, identifying the few who deserve general education with the few who can afford to pay for it, and restricting citizenship to the propertied classes, we can sharpen the issue by observing that the aristocrat proposes vocational training for the masses. Precisely because he distinguishes between the working and leisure classes, precisely because he assigns the many to economic servitude, reserving the political freedom of citizenship for the few, the aristocrat makes a corresponding division between two kinds of education: specialized or vocational training to fit the slaves of the economic machine into their tasks, and general or liberal cultivation to prepare men for political activity and the enjoyment of leisure.

With the doubtful exception of Thomas Jefferson, the men who framed our Constitution took the pseudo-aristocratic (really oligarchical) position in politics and education. In recent years, the only American writer who has explicitly declared himself an aristocrat has been Albert Jay Nock. Nock is not mentioned by Mr. Fine. According to Mr. Fine the aristocratic view is represented by two institutions — the University of Chicago and St. John's College, Annapolis — and by five men: Hutchins, Barr, Buchanan, Van Doren, and Adler. As one of this group of worthies, and as a member of the faculty of both institutions, I think I can say for all concerned that the

(*Continued on page* 31)

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

COLLEGE for all is the democratic way. This educational opportunity should be afforded free for "all students who desire to enter and who, within their limitations, desire to work hard at making a success of themselves. . . . Only as the colleges and the universities become as universal as the elementary and secondary schools are at present will we approach that great democratic ideal."

This is really the thesis of Mr. Fine's "report on the colleges," although he ranges over a wide area and certainly poses most of the current issues which are providing the content of the numerous post-war reports recently emanating from college faculties. Upon this one issue alone he speaks as an advocate *con amore;* for the rest he is content to be the reporter.

And perhaps the greatest value of his account is the reminder he supplies of what the dominant issues are. If any criticism is to be offered on this score, it is that he tends to outline the controversies too much in the either-or pattern in which they have all too frequently been discussed without going beyond to any attempt at possible synthesis.

The issues which stand out most insistantly are rightly stated as these: Is the purpose of the college liberal *or* vocational? Should the desirable common core of subjects be required *or* be optional? Should the aim be intellectual discipline *or* the cultivation of the whole person? Should colleges be for those capable of "abstract thinking" *or* for all who wish to enter? Only upon the last of these, as I have said, does the author come out flatfootedly for "college for all."

As to the rest the clarification is expository with only occasional suggestions about how we shall reconcile these either-or dilemmas in the college of the future.

Take, for example, the issue of the emphasis upon general studies as against the pressure from parents and citizens for "practical courses." This not only raises the major point of difference as between the so-called "education for freedom" group (Hutchins, Adler, and St. John's) and the typical state universities, of which the University of Minnesota is singled out for extended and favorable mention, but it raises also the whole question about the nature of vocation

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today, about the character of preparation for the great multiplicity of occupations required to operate our great society, about the balance desirable in professional training between general and specialized courses. Clearly, the last word has not yet been said on this unfortunate dichotomy; and Mr. Fine's reader is left with a baffled sense that to date too much of the argument has been in verbal clichés and in unrealistic, *a priori*, and retrospective abstractions which advance us not at all toward a true sense of a unified purpose for our colleges and of the methods to give it effect.

Again, on the sharp division of view now observable between the colleges which want no prescribed courses in the first two years and those which want almost complete prescription, little new light is offered. It is too bad that Mr. Fine did not when he wrote have available the recent convocation address of President Jones of Bennington College in which a real attempt is made to bring these two views into working harmony. Dr. Jones soundly affirms that "the relationship between general and specialized study is often misconceived. General education is thought of as something you take first, after which you might be allowed to specialize. This is wrong on several counts." He continues:

> In the first place, there is no inevitable content which can be covered in the first two years of college, and which will comprise the whole of general education. Secondly, it leaves specialism too specialized, and makes no adequate and continuous connection between the special interest and the general. Thirdly, it takes insufficient account of how people learn.

Surely it is in terms of this newer and more penetrating statement of the problem of the prescribed curriculum that the battle has to be fought, with victory probably in sight somewhere in the middle ground between, for example, Bennington and Sarah Lawrence on the one hand and Columbia and Colgate on the other. Indeed, both the recent Harvard and Yale reports try to attain this end of seeing some good in both views as the basis for a modified prescription of subject matter derived from the "common heritage of human wisdom."

Without further dilating upon the either-or hot spots of college controversy, I trust I have suggested how deep its roots go, how much current confusion as to ends and means they indicate, and how, finally, it is not too likely that we will get "college for all" with the budgets that program will entail, until there is a greater

degree of unanimity than we have found among the pundits who will be the ones both to appeal to our legislatures for funds and to administer the programs.

Mr. Fine does the whole cause of more and better higher education a good turn by explicating the present tensions. By pointing out the ambiguities of current policy and coming out for a drastic departure from traditional liberal college practice, he sharpens the argument for all to ponder. It is, however, a not unimportant point that in order to do this he has probably not done full credit to the historic contribution of the small liberal arts college at its best, and has failed to mention that in looking ahead there will undoubtedly be a special virtue in colleges which remain small not because they are "aristocratic" or snobbish but because education goes better when not a mass operation.

What we no doubt need is a multiplication of small institutions under public auspices, rather than any enlargement of present state universities. But either program will be expensive on a scale that Mr. Fine cheerfully ignores. His book may well mark the advent of a movement to convince our taxpayers that college for all is on the way and that it might well be advanced by a critical examination of the issues here shown to be implicit.

An Attempt to Right An Old Wrong

ALASKA: PROMYSHLENNIK AND SOURDOUGH. By Stuart Ramsay Tompkins. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1945. 350 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

"THE PEOPLE of the North," writes the author in his preface, "have yet to obtain full justice at the hands of the literary world." His purpose in this book is to right the wrong. Some remedy is obtained but a good deal of injustice survives. When he is writing about the distant past, Mr. Tompkins is at his best. His analysis of Alaska of the present falls down woefully, both in detail and in the large, over-all picture.

Mr. Tompkins has made a genuine contribution in his account of the Russian occupation of Alaska. This is the *promyshlennik* portion of his narrative. The *promyshlenniki* were the Russian traders and wilderness men who came to Alaska to tap its vast wealth of fish and furs. A great deal of Alaska's adventurous spirit and frontier daring stems back to these hard-drinking pioneers from the other side of the International Date Line.

If one would assimilate much about the Russian influence in Alaska in a short time, there can be few better sources than Mr. Tompkin's book. He has done a thorough job in research and his writing is lively and terse. No historian of Alaska and the North Pacific region can afford to overlook this part of Mr. Tompkins's book.

However, had the author confined his work to the Russian period in Alaskan history, he might have been better off. His story of Alaska of more recent years is full of shortcomings. Although he lists the names of obscure Russian traders and sea captains, nowhere does he name the American commanders who built the Alaska highway, constructed the airfields in the Aleutians, and saved Alaska in its hour of peril in 1942. Yet Mr. Tompkins pretends to give the story of modern Alaska as well as Alaska of the Russian days.

Nor has the author investigated his sources too carefully. So well known an American as Senator Albert J. Beveridge, the writer of the monumental life of John Marshall, becomes merely "J. Beveridge" in Mr. Tompkins's book. This volume aspires to be a discussion of Alaska's economic status, yet does not mention the recent epic battles between Governor Ernest Gruening and the gold, salmon, and steamship interests in the Territory.

As an historian Mr. Tompkins has performed outstandingly. As a reporter he should stick to what he does better.

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An Author with $10,000 on His Head

CHUNGKING LISTENING POST. By Mark Tennien. New York: Creative Age Press. 1945. 201 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN GOETTE

"OUTPOSTS of the Cross" is the title of the first section of Father Tennien's engrossing two hundred pages of an easy-to-read autobiography of a Catholic priest in China during the war years. He was a Maryknoll missioner but he writes racily of his own experiences and those of other black-clad Americans from New York, Vermont, Iowa, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts defying the Japanese invaders in the interests of the Chinese people and downed American fliers alike.

General Joseph W. Stilwell certainly was right when he said of "Chungking Listening Post": "If you like people who have courage and live only for unselfish service to others, you will enjoy reading Father Tennien's book." You will like Father Feeney who bluffed the Japanese military into permitting him to flee occupied Hongkong merely because he was "an American of Irish extraction." You will smile at the priest who got funds into Japanese-occupied China by changing the American dollars donated at home by Mrs. Murphy first into Chinese national currency, then into Chinese pigs which he personally herded across the lines past Japanese sentries there to sell them for enemy dollars and thus keep the bishop and his native flock alive.

Upon Father Tennien fell the burden of maintaining scattered Maryknoll activities during the war. From Chungking he handled their funds, mastering the complexities of inflation, and, as he confesses, "many deeds were done in the dark of the moon—many schemes were devised to outwit the unsuspecting sons of the emperor," despite the $10,000 which the Japanese army put upon his head.

Father Tennien was not content to sit in Chungking. He roamed from the borders of Tibet, where he gossiped with a Living Buddha, to Lanchow, where he was dined by the Soviet consul and toasted the United Nations instead of Joseph Stalin, to the border of Indo-China and over the "hump" past Mount Everest.

He tells of the bombing and deliberate burning of Catholic missions by the Japanese. And he includes at length the story related to him of the torture and persecution by Soviet agents and their Chinese puppets in Chinese Turkestan of a Scotch Protestant missionary and a German Catholic priest. This section he titles "Betrayal from the North."

In contrast with the splurge of books by Americans damning Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist government and praising China's Communists, Father Tennien writes in opposite vein. Other Americans have described the 10,000-mile trek of the Reds as a glorious episode, but Father Tennien says "the march of destruction and pillage ended in 1936 when Mao Tse-tung, the Communist party leader, and Red General Chu Teh set up a 'Chinese Soviet Republic' in the northern part of Shensi province." He tells further how Chungking's Minister of War, General Ho Ying-chin, showed him "documented proof of how every promise made in 1937 (by the Chinese Reds) had been broken."

On the hotly debated issue of Chinese Nationalists versus the Reds, Father Tennien remarks: "There were those who called Chiang's government dictatorial and reactionary, but observers of long residence, familiar with the intricacies of Chinese resurgence, could see no substitute for the authoritarian Chungking regime."

Surely no one can deny Father Tennien his right to speak so decisively in light of his travels and long years in China devoted to the Christian cause.

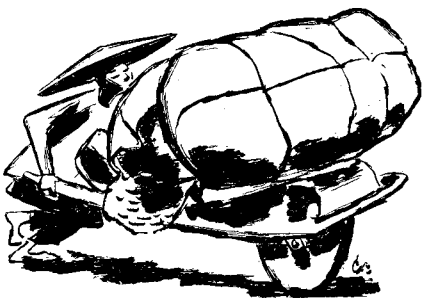
Changsa as Fictional Background

CHALLENGE AT CHANGSA. By Paul Hughes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 311 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

CUT down to three quarters of its present length, and stripped of encyclopedic background detail and philosophical pedantry, this would be an excellent novel. Even as it stands, plethoric and academically constructed, it is an interesting one. The story centers about the third battle of Changsa. Through the eyes of various Chinese combatants and eye witnesses, Japanese soldiers and officers, and American victims of the Japanese advance, we see Changsa fall to the invaders. The Emperor's conquering divisions find it a mocking Pyrrhic victory. Chinese strategy turns it into another baffling defeat for the Bushido military machine.

As Mr. Hughes deploys his characters, Changsa is a proving ground in the old struggle between the spirit of China and the spirit of Japan. Young Lin Mei and her soldier husband, Ching the farmer and his individualistic family, flier Kwang who has lost his nerve—these and other humble folk build personal disaster into China's sprawling strength. And not all the high-voltage indoctrination, Banzai training, and modern planes and tanks can build for fat old General Nakahora anything that avails permanently against the fighting spirit of China.



Yet Mr. Hughes does not oversimplify. His values are not all set down in the black and white of national characteristics. The gray of the human equation threads his narrative. His Japanese, as well as his Chinese, love home and country. Private Jin Wanatabe, incurable poet and dreamer extraordinary, is one of the most appealing characters in the book. And even a veteran Japanophobe will applaud the ultimate domestic tactics, timeless and universal, of the henpecked Mr. Saigo.

The Americans in "Challenge at Changsa" lean to the raffish side. Pee Wee Wister flies for money only. Johnny Mason, physician and wastrel, has a history of opium addiction. Missionary Dwight—well, even the dedicated head of Happiness Mission has his doubts.

In the brief biography on the book jacket there is nothing to indicate that the author has been in China. But whether or not the authenticity of "Challenge at Changsa" is rooted in personal experience, the story is informed with a broad sense of the brotherhood of man. The smoke of pillaged Changsa has hardly blown away when the proprietor of the Silver Pheasant gets his tea kettle boiling. "What," he asks, "is more important than a good cup of tea?" Among the survivors of the beaten Japanese divisions Private Tsugara, who makes better tea than war, passes out his steaming brew. "What," he asks, "is more important than a good cup of tea?" And missionary Dwight and philosopher Ho Yang arrive at a meeting of minds.

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A Poet Defiant to the Death

A MAN AGAINST TIME: An Heroic Dream. By William Ellery Leonard. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1945. 80 pp. $2.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

THIS is a book one cannot read without emotion — even as it could not have been written without emotion. There is no pretense, either of style or mood. Another volume of real poetry has been bequeathed to the public for poetry from William Ellery Leonard's hitherto private papers. Again he reveals himself, this time from beyond his own grave—he died last year—rather than from kneeling at the grave of his first, and most tragic, marriage (although that ghost is still not laid in these posthumous pages), as a man and poet to be reckoned with, whether or not you accept him at his own valuation, as the heroic protagonist in a Greek drama.

You may accept or reject him: but you cannot pass him by. And since there is much poetic pleasure, and knowledge of life, to be derived from acceptance, this reviewer has chosen "the willing suspension of disbelief" which is certainly the prerequisite to an appreciation of most, if not all, poetry.

In "A Man Against Time," Leonard continues the autobiography which, whether in verse or prose, explicitly or implicitly, runs its course through his many writings. We learn now, from the poet's death-sealed lips, part, at least, of the story of his third marriage. Once again, as when reading "Two Lives," we may marvel at both the intimacy of the story he tells and the generally skilful artistry of his verse. The book contains sixty-eight sonnets, coincidentally equal in number to the years of his life. Some of these sonnets measure up to the best of his previous work; a few go beyond to a perfection of melody and a universality of appeal which even the reader not compelled by Leonard's personality must acknowledge. Sonnet XL, for example, can very well stand on its own feet:

> When on the rug you sit between my knees,
> With upturned lids and speechless lips,
> And I lean down toward silent melodies,
> Nesting in your gold hair my fingertips,
> Which of us two, in love's old posture thus,
> The bridal lady or her learned lord,
> The blue eyes or the brown eyes,—which of us
> Is here the adoring one, is here the adored?
> If mocking spirit of insolent casuistry
> Will have a subtle answer, here it is:
> You gaze as into sky, I into sea,
> Yet each of us explores the same abyss,
> Where I get lost in you and you in me,
> And every this is that and that is this.

There is an ultimacy about this sort of writing which is not easily approached in contemporary poetry.

Here a necessary note of caution: The reader who demands an equal excellence in every poem in this collection is due to be dismayed by such unfortunate (though palpably sincere) lines as "How very old it seems, and yet how new" (Sonnet III), and, on occasion, by a whole sonnet (LXIV).

Not the least remarkable circumstance connected with "A Man Against Time" is the fact that Leonard was, by his own account, fifty-seven years old when he began these poems, fifty-eight when he finished them. Yet they are, for the most part, and aside from the inevitable references to his celebrated neurosis, marked by a youthful freshness and vigor, passion, and power. Perhaps the scholar-poet did receive from the gods of Greece whom he still invokes something of the clear, young air of those days that we misname "Ancient Times" (it is we that are old, not the Ancients); and it seems certain, also, that if only for a time he did take on from his October-May marriage—his third wife was more than thirty years his junior—some of the bloom of his partner ("how young with all your red and gold").

The "Heroic Dream" of the subtitle is mostly Love, its hopes, its ecstasies, and its despairs. The despairs are born of Time—the Time against which this man, and Man, too, must pit himself—the fetters of the Past, the rapids of the Present, the distant thunder of the Future. But Leonard, his courage fortified by long years of struggle, by the coming of this new love to his elder years, and by the steady flame of the classics, still hurls his defy into the teeth of his enemy. Witness the Fifty-Seventh Sonnet:

> Though crippled, prisoned, white-haired, fifty-eight,
> My world a heap of ashes, splinters, shards,
> Until I die, by God, I'll stand up straight . . .

and the fine closing couplet:

> I'll stand up straight, not to rebuke these years—
> But for my faith in my abandoned peers.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS AND THEIR VOICES

The characters in this week's quiz all had memorable voices. How many of them do you recall? Allowing 5 points for naming the story and 5 for its author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 30.

1. Under the guidance of a phonetics expert, a flower girl in six months lost her atrocious cockney accent and learned to talk like a duchess.
2. Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
3. Deafened in adolescence by the cathedral bells he rang, he seldom spoke, and when he did his voice sounded like a rusty hinge.
4. This sadistic schoolmaster always spoke in a fierce whisper, and employed a strong-voiced, wooden-legged man to interpret his commands to the scholars.
5. Because this little colored boy was tongue-tied he was starred in a neighborhood circus as "the savage wild boy who talks only in his native language."
6. Laryngitis temporarily paralyzed the captivating tones of this *fin de siècle* Cyrano, but he restored them with a South American herb which he later commercialized.
7. This minister, regarded as a wonderful poetry reader, would begin each line on a medium key, climb steadily till near the end, and then plunge as if from a springboard on the final words.
8. By pretending to be a deaf mute and never uttering a word, this gardener made his duties a pleasure in the convent where he worked.
9. By perfectly imitating a fellow-magician's voice, this fiend was able to insinuate himself into the affections of the other man's blind wife, who never could tell which was which.
10. A specialist advised this young man, a stammerer since childhood, to sing what he had to say and to overcome his handicap by speaking to three perfect strangers every day.

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A Challenge to Mammon

TRIBUTE TO THE ANGELS. By H. D. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 42 pp. $2.

Reviewed by ALFRED KREYMBORG

IN answer to MacLeish's famous query: "Who remembers the Imagists?," here is another volume by H. D., the perfect Imagist, and the one most certain to survive fly-by-night changes in poetry. In a material world such as ours, with the post-war forces of Mammon now battling for superhuman power, it is good to hear that world challenged with spiritual forces which have likewise engaged in conflict throughout the ages yet have the power to harmonize their differences. This exquisite volume, composed in two weeks during the spring of 1944, challenges any static or separate order to which men may still adhere in conventional churches. In its opening tribute to Hermes, the "patron of alchemists," and of "orators, thieves, and poets," demands of the artist,

take what the old-church
found in Mithra's tomb,

candle and script and bell,
take what the new-church spat upon

and broke and shattered;
collect the fragments of the splintered glass

and of your fire and breath,
melt down and integrate,

re-invoke, re-create
opal, onyx, obsidian,

now scattered in the shards
men tread upon.

It is impossible to reduce to prosaic statement or analysis a poem so beautifully modelled, whose forty-three lyrical jewels or variations of color and tone are strung together so movingly. Nonetheless, there is a definite plot and argument which challenges the reader to reexamine his own faith, or his loss or lack of faith or of confidence in himself or any order. The poem swiftly ranges the movement of hierarchies from the Persian, Egyptian, and Greek through the Hebrew and Christian and discovers beyond all their original differences a fundamental relation, heritage, and design whose highest and most human symbol is Our Lady. This wedding of paganism and catholicism may offend many an orthodox Christian and many an orthodox pagan, especially in the parallel drawn between Venus and the Virgin. Rebellious though it may sound, the poem goes to the roots of things and is radical in the deepest sense of that much-abused word. Here is power in restraint and the carving of a living rosary which men may welcome as art if not as their religion.

Tributes to the seven angels, Azrael, Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel, Annael, Michael, Zadkiel, are subtly woven into the dramatic wisdom of Death, of Birth, of Change, of the Flowering, of Peace, of the Spear that casts away ignorance, and of God's

righteousness. There is a constant reverberation throughout and a reflection back and forth with intimate derivations from the roots of language itself at different times.

Now polish the crucible
and in the bowl distil

a word most bitter, *marah*,
a word bitterer still, *mar*,

sea, brine, breaker, seducer,
giver of life, giver of tears;

now polish the crucible
and set the jet of flame

under, till *marah-mar*
are melted, fuse and join

and change and alter,
mer, mere, mère, mater, Maia, Mary

Star of the Sea,
Mother.

And if "some have entertained angels unawares," or "a new sensation is not granted to everyone," and she was best remembered by the Venetians whose patron was Venus "the venerator," still the Mother "must have been pleased with us who did not forego our heritage"

at the grave-edge;
she must have been pleased

with the straggling company of the brush and quill
who did not deny their birthright...

And she carries a book or fruit of the Tree, and is now the new Eve who comes

clearly to return, to retrieve
what she lost the race,

given over to sin, to death;
she brings the Book of Life, obviously.

On Pity

By Frances Minturn Howard

PITY is a futile thing,
Removed from the insistent fact;
The animal, trembling in the sprung
Trap,

Has concerns immediate
——Struggles convulsive, intense,
Preoccupations immense——
Yet not one tear to shed for its own
Fate.

Pity is a luxury
Reserved for the detached, the spared;
The unscarred foot that never has been
Snared,

Those that walk proud and alone,
——Not frozen in the crouch of fear,
Sensing potential horror near——
The neck unmanacled the unshattered
Bone.

Observe the calm unwinking stare
Of old squat gods, who never weep;
Whose emotions, carved in stone,
Sleep;

If water with a running sound
In chained grey globes obscures their eyes,
It is the long rain slanting down
The curved stone eyelid, wetting the softer
Ground.

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On Both Sides of the Russian Fence

RUSSIA AND THE WESTERN WORLD. The Place of the Soviet Union in the Comity of Nations. By Max M. Laserson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 268 *pp.* $2.50.

WE CAN DO BUSINESS WITH RUSSIA. By Hans Heyman. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1945. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by Louis Fischer

HERE is an important book on Russia which contrasts sharply with the superficial reports by wartime correspondents and other recent foreign visitors to Moscow. They produce snapshots; Professor Max M. Laserson has turned out a portrait; it has depth, perspective, color, and scope. I do not share some of his conclusions on Soviet conditions and policies. But his scholarship, understanding, and presentation are rare. The book is a study of Soviet foreign policy from 1917 to 1945, and being very intelligent, the author, of course, delves deeply into Soviet domestic policies and Soviet ideas of life.

I suppose if Mr. Laserson were a young fellow who had spent six weeks or six months in Moscow and sent some appealing "I Saw" dispatches to a big-circulation newspaper or weekly (including what, according to rumor, Stalin said to Churchill or how the peasants of Russia feel about the revolution) his book would have been reviewed everywhere. But as far as I have seen, it has received little notice. This is sad. For Laserson is an authority on Russia, knows how to integrate history with current events, and writes clearly. He was a teacher in St. Petersburg University before most of us were politically born. Now he is connected with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. But he is less formal than Shotwell. He does not sit on the fence. He stands on both sides of it. In these days of fierce side-taking on Russia, Laserson is rather objective, mildly approving and disapproving in accordance with his judicious findings.

The book will make a lot of Soviet critics and apologists in this country look quite ridiculous, for many of them know not whereof they speak. Most persons lag eight or ten years behind developments in the Soviet Union. This book will help them catch up. I do not see how anybody who writes or speaks in public on Russia (and who doesn't nowadays?) can afford not to read Laserson's volume. It is a mine of information on foreign and domestic Soviet affairs, and contains many usable quotes and facts for future reference.

I think Laserson exaggerates the effect of world events on Soviet foreign policy and underestimates the extent to which Stalin's relations with the outside world have been

shaped by home politics. But the author illuminates the foreign and domestic aspects of Soviet history so the reader can form his own judgment.

This book will be an education to those who mislead themselves into thinking that it is the atomic bomb which determines the relations between Russia and the Big Two. International affairs reflect years of contacts and exchanges. Fortunately, Laserson finished his book before Hiroshima Day, and the perspective is not distorted by the exclusion of the pre-atomic past. Because we must look to a new future is no reason for overlooking the enslaving past. All kinds of people have been making incorrect and irresponsible statements on Russia simply because they do not know the facts or because they deliberately avoid facts.

Laserson is an optimist on the prospects of Soviet relations with the Western world. He believes Russia is turning westward and will strive to establish friendship with her wartime allies. He is entitled to his opinion.

"We Can Do Business With Russia," written by Hans Heyman, another American citizen who emigrated from Europe, is an admixture of careful research on past Soviet-American business relations—to which too few pages are devoted—and a slapdash hodge-podge on Soviet politics and conditions which cannot compare with the careful, erudite job by Laserson.

The Fanatic Heart of Some Irish

BRIGHT STAR OR DARK. By Ruth Peabody Harnden. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 225 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

OF the countries neutral in the war none clamped down a more rigorous or successful censorship than Eire. It is true that certain facts about the censorship betrayed the truth; for instance Mr. de Valera's refusal to permit the publication of the gallant record and death of Irishmen fighting with the Allies only served to emphasize the service given by those volunteers to the causes upheld by America, England and France. But we have had little disclosure of the part played by those Irishmen, few in number but including some prominent men and women, who acted as agents for the Nazis. Of course there were rumors, and occasionally one met an American soldier or sailor who had been disgusted because his ancient loyalty to a free Ireland was interpreted as a willingness to betray the cause of a country of which he was a citizen.

There has remained in Ireland a tiny, irreconcilable, profoundly trivial group who would sign allegiance to the devil, if it could be shown that His Satanic Majesty was anti-English. And it would be an excellent and public-spirited action if that story of treachery to Christendom and freedom were told fully by an American who visited Ireland during the war and could tell the facts. Of all nations in the world—and it is a man of Irish descent who writes this—Ireland seems to be least capable of learning from her mistakes. One would have thought that the tragic experience of that noble, foolish Don Quixote, Roger Casement, was lesson enough for the next generation: that it has not been is evidence of the pitiful fact that in some Irish the fanatic heart feeds only on the sterile nourishment of unreasoned hate.

I think Miss Harnden might have written a book of facts: I regret that she has chosen instead to write this undisciplined, tumultuous story of Kingsley Blake, Madame Powers and John Payne from Boston. Any one familiar with Dublin and its sets can guess what models Miss Marnden had, at a discreet distance, for May Powers and her granddaughter Kingsley Blake; she even keeps to the legend of some mystery about Kingsley's birth, and Madame Powers with her

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wonderful voice and gift for inspiring violences is inevitably reminiscent of the woman who wasted so many years of Yeats's life. Unfortunately Kingsley is not in the least credible as an Irishwoman; not even her education in Germany can explain or excuse her tactless arrogance, her aimless, undirected violence, and her gross manners. A student at Trinity College, Dublin, she is in 1938 already working for the German consulate and on intimate terms with a German agent, Otto Streib, of repulsive looks, who stupidly underrates the intelligence of the Irish government. Streib persuades her to make friends with John Payne, a wealthy Bostonian, so that the American's money and influence can be used to further the cause of Nazism. Kingsley needs little prodding; but then, unfortunately, after seducing John Payne (whose excessive simplicity seems incredible), falls in love with him; and the story ends with the discovery of Kingsley's treason just as she has decided to escape with John Payne to the United States.

In this rather crude tale there is no tragedy because the chief character lacks all dignity; Miss Harnden writes of "her astonishing mind," but if intelligence is reflected in conduct Kingsley Blake must rank as one of the silliest heroines in fiction. Not only by her incestuous love for her brother is she reminiscent of that gushing little fool, Byron's sister. There is a similar tendency to uncontrolled verbiage and a power of self-deception which apparently succeeds with her brother, who is married to an American and comes from New England to Ireland once a year. Out of her miserable vanity and incontinence a story could have been made by a master of irony; but as the central figure of an heroic study Kingsley is too shabby and sordid.

Miss Harnden is much more successful in her attempts to evoke the spirit of the Dublin streets, the passionate itch for interminable conversation, the "little worm of laughter that eats the Irish heart." At times, in spite of her knowledge of Dublin, she forgets that Kingsley is supposed to be an Irishwoman with a German education, and gives her thoughts none but an American would have. A simple example is to be found in Kingsley Blake's shuddering indignation at "unwrapped loaves," "unpasteurized milk" and "the sides of meat that hung in the open." Still in such passages as in her description of the meeting of the Republican Army's supporters and the kilted dancers in the glaringly-lit hall Miss Harnden shows a genuine descriptive gift.

Hairbreadth Escape from the Japs

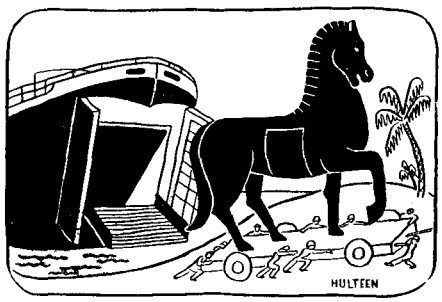
OFFICIALLY DEAD. The Story of Commander C. D. Smith. By Quentin Reynolds. New York: Random House. 1945. 244 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

QUENTIN REYNOLDS has done it again. The facts in the life of Commander C. D. Smith, some time captain of the small gunboat, the U. S. S. *Wake,* give him the chance to rival the most interesting novels of incident, and Reynolds is not a writer to overlook his opportunities. Smith's adventures didn't start with the war. During his lengthy solitary confinement in a Japanese military prison, he had ample leisure for the remembrance of things past. He recalled his boyhood in Atlanta and the intermediate stages of life at sea that eventually transformed him into a skipper of a Yangtse River steamer and ultimately into a Shanghai Harbor pilot. That, as it happened, was an indispensable apprenticeship for what was to follow, for his knowledge of the Chinese people and their language was destined to play an essential part in his escape from the Japanese Army.

On December 8, 1941 the Japanese Navy at Shanghai captured Smith and his gunboat. For nearly three years Smith languished in Japanese prisons with an all too brief interlude of a few hours of freedom. His first escape, however, ended swiftly in ignominious recapture. He was tried and sentenced to ten years imprisonment and the loss of all military and civilian rights.

A jail in Shanghai built to house criminals was his final place of confinement. Escape from such a prison seemed impossible. No one ever had succeeded. And yet with the perseverance, resourcefulness, and patient preparation that equalled the inventions of the Count of Monte Cristo, Smith, accompanied by a British naval officer named Wooley and by Storey, a Marine Corps corporal, the third member of the trio, engineered a successful break. The story of the escape followed by almost two months of wanderings seems almost incredible.



To Quentin Reynolds must go the credit for a forthright and vigorous tale that tells one of the strangest personal adventures of the war. Reynolds had all the material for a good plot. He has made the most of it in a well-knit story that carries the reader, almost breathlessly, from the suspense of the prison break through the anguished days and weeks of stealing through the Japanese occupied zone, helped by friendly Chinese, to the areas where our own forces operated.

Smith's age and his poor physical condition were a serious handicap. He ended his journey carried by coolies in a chair on bamboo poles. The Chinese were invariably helpful and sympathetic allies. The Japanese appear in no better light than usual, although Smith is quoted as being unwilling to condemn them all for the cruelty of the majority. He insists there are decent people among the Japanese. He is certain that Nomura, whom he met while the Japanese envoy was on his way to confer with Mr. Hull, honestly wanted peace. In his opinion Nomura knew nothing of the coming attack on Pearl Harbor. Be that as it may, this book increases our acquaintance with the Japanese and Chinese besides telling a most exciting story of the war in China.

The Bad Animals

By Roberta Meyers

NOAH, herding two by two
Your innocent, primeval Zoo
Against the all-avenging blue,
Did you choose and set in place
Lion full of worthy grace,
Brushed of mane and grave of pace?
Zebras most correctly barred,
And neatly polka-dotted pard,
And tigers fortunately starred?
Holy kittens, virtuous moles . . .
Did they half attain to souls . . .
The swans, the married orioles?
Inspired and blazing dragonfly
Alight with immortality,
Ants too busy yet to die,
Larks assuming worldly cares,
Beavers, rough but honest bears,
Marched in ceremonious pairs.
Noah, now we hear complaints.
Latter-day abandon taints
Your shepherded domestic saints.
The lions, lost and burning, rove
The midnight waste, and in the grove
Most sensually the serpents move.
Cocks are loud and apes deride
And man and mouse in crazy pride
Invoke the long returning tide.

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With Malice Towards Several

SONS OF THE MORNING. By Otto Schrag. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 353 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM BATES

WHEN Johnny comes marching home again, but not Hurrah! Hurrah! Otto Scrag brings his two young heroes home from the war to a community torn with strife, full of suspicion and bitterness, and hair-trigger set for violence. The two discharged soldiers, in their turn, are disillusioned and belligerent towards the peacetime world they find awaiting them. The town is eager to welcome back its heroes only if these heroes think and feel and act exactly as the town expects them to: the men are nostalgic for the old life as they remembered and hoped for it but cannot accept the intolerance and provincialism they encounter in the home town.

Cedarville would appear to the casual observer as a contented New England village busy abouts its own concerns, with malice towards none. Actually it is passionately partisan within its limited confines and solidly in league against anything or anyone "foreign." David Horn, handicapped by the loss of a leg and wishing only to settle down to peaceful farming life in the country of his birth, and Bill Kennedy, still sound physically but sick in mind and heart and seeking wholeness among the people and scenes of his childhood, are both bewildered and angered by the attitude of the "home folks." They can understand and sympathize with the town's conscientious objector who has spent the war years in prison but not with his tormenters who have lived on plenty and made money while half the world struggled for life.

The underlying antagonism towards the unheroic reaction of the returned heroes breaks into open animosity when David's French fiancee arrives to take up her life in the village. She is a simple, simply wise, and friendly girl completely unprepared for the violent feelings against her which quickly assume witch-hunt proportions. She stands out from all the others in her calm attempt to understand the old grudges and new prejudices that have welded the townspeople into unscrupulous enmity against her. In the end she triumphs both personally in obtaining the farm which she and David want and which the townspeople have been determined they should not have, and in principle by infecting the people with her own attitude of good will.

Mr. Schrag has so well created the vicious and destructive force of his characters that the sudden conversion and promise of amity in the end comes as a bit of a shock and is not wholly convincing. He has in careful detail demonstrated to the reader every shade of ill-will operating and then, in conclusion, demands that an almost complete reversal of individual and collective behavior be accepted at face value.

There are, too, throughout the novel strainings of coincidence and contrivings to bring the story into line for the emotional crises the author needs. Plot for Mr. Schrag is a secondary matter merely necessary as background for his primary concern of personality and character.

The author's earlier extraordinary novel "The Locusts" established his ability in dealing with the exceptional, the intense, and the climactic. The commonplaces that make up so much of daily life fare less well in his treatment so that the high moments and tense situations have a reality that the level of narrative lacks. An exception to this should be noted in the conversations between the two soldiers in "Sons of the Morning." Their dialogue is natural in its salty vernacular form and bitterly satiric comment; it would do well on the stage. Mr. Schrag is a European who has only lately come to America and perhaps his accentuations of our peculiarities and intensifications of our emotions are less exaggerated than we think.

Shoes and the Feet They're On

THE WORLD IS THEIR BEAT. By J. C. Oestreicher. New York: Essential Books. 1945. 254 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAUL CARSON

MR. OESTREICHER'S volume of anecdotes about foreign correspondents and foreign correspondence is a must for those intelligent readers who feel it is necessary to understand every type of American journalism. There are great newspapers in this country, and still more great newspapermen—some of them even on the staff of Hearst's International News Service which employs Mr. Oestreicher as foreign director. Some sixty of our best newspapermen were killed in the war. Most of those men loved truth and lost their lives looking for it. That's probably why they would have recommended that people read Oestreicher. Whether we like it or not, Oestreicher's type of journalism does exist.

The stories are strung together rather loosely. Many undoubtedly are true, some are legendary, a few apocryphal. There is the story of the I.N.S. man who beat his colleagues (the word "beat" occurs frequently) with the news out of Addis Ababa about Haile Selassie's abdication. None of the other correspondents could send the story until after the Italians had entered. The I.N.S. man's assistant had got to the cable office first. When his story had been dispatched he "took from beneath his tropical jacket a fine new shiny axe. With unerring aim he decapitated the principal tube of the Addis Ababa wireless station." That, friends, is journalistic enterprise—as seen by Mr. O.

To be sure, there is a serious note in the book too. Oestreicher makes out quite a case against the correspondent who got ahead of all his colleagues with the first news about the Germans' surrender at Reims. That, to the author, was an act plainly reprehensible. He implies that it jeopardized American lives. And "no beat in journalism," pontificates the I.N.S. foreign director, "is worth the sacrifice or risk of a single American life." Especially when the beat happens to belong ot the rival Associated Press, as it did in this case. Especially, too, since the reader—if he is the type for whom Mr. O. directs the news—is likely to draw no parallel between the A.P. man's perfidy on page 106 and the great I.N.S. accomplishment as told on pages 7-9. There, we find that the head war reporter for the I.N.S. in London tipped his office *before release time* about the Allied invasion being under way on the beaches of Normandy. As a result, I.N.S. beat both the Associated Press and United Press to the wires with the flash "Eisenhower Invades France." It was a substantial accomplishment; Mr. Oestreicher says that I.N.S. had won the race by a full minute.

And that beat, presumably, did not jeopardize a single American life. Since the Nazis were watching the invasion, and had been announcing it over their radio for days, interception of that I.N.S. message from London to New York, and its correct evaluation (although the American censors were fooled, all right, all right) might have endangered Eisenhower's entire D-Day operation.

That, too, my friends, is journalism.

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More About the German Mind

BOUND WITH TWO CHAINS. By Alexander Janta. New York: Roy Publishers. 1945. 234 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

ONE year ago Alexander Janta, a young Polish writer, who was an officer in the Polish division fighting the Germans on the Western Front in June 1940, gave us in "I Lied to Live" a stimulatingly informative eyewitness account of conditions in German POW camps where the author toiled and sweated disguised as a French soldier. He had ample opportunities to make many interesting and pertinent observations on the German mind and Nazi psychology. The Herr Schnabel, his brutal, stupid, and arrogant farmer-boss, was portrayed by him as the "typical German farmer in his province"—and nothing we have recently heard from Germany indicates that Mr. Janta was not an accurate and expert observer —or that the Herr Schnabels have changed. "I Lied to Live" closed rather abruptly with the author still on the Schnabel farm.

Now, in "Bound With Two Chains" —to the Germans and to his false identity—Mr. Janta tells of his experiences while slaving on another German farm, in a forest, in a furniture and in a metal factory, and finally in a hospital. And though his new book is not as dramatic as the first one and though it hardly adds anything of importance to his analysis of the mind of prisoners of war which gave "I Lied to Live" unusual atmosphere and originality, it can be said that here too Mr. Janta's observations are precise and convincing, and that they deserve wide attention even at this late time when the Nazi "masterminds" are facing their judges.

The author was startled to see a large number of gargoyles and misfits of every kind working in the furniture factory—cripples, cretins, and hunchbacks. He was informed that at the beginning of the war most of the insane asylums and homes for the crippled had been emptied—injections had put the patients to sleep forever. This was the reason why the farmers refused to bring their deranged offspring to the hospitals and sent them to the factories. We also hear quite interesting details about the "subtle" sabotage in these factories—in contrast to "positive" sabotage — about accidental destruction, waste, delay, and negligence. The author believes that poorly aimed blockbusters often did less damage than a few grains of sand tossed into a high precision machine by some slave worker. We also see an arrogant factory owner being afraid of one of his workers who happens to be the representative of the *Arbeiterfront,* the Nazi-controlled workers union.

The Germans the author met had a very low opinion of America. American industry, they said, is "bluff" and America "will crack from within." (Should we blame them for this? There were too many Americans who thought this would happen with Germany where opposition had been wiped out years before.) A German officer assured the author that "before Germany goes hungry, the rest of Europe will starve. Before we begin to die the others will be buried." (*Goering would appreciate this story.*) An S.S. doctor told Mr. Janta, "If we lose the war we shall still be in a better position than Europe reduced to ashes. We would emerge again. We will carry out our ideas and our plans from beyond the grave if necessary." (*And the Nuremberg criminals seem* prepared to do just this.)

Alexander Janta was finally exchanged as "unfit" to France after two helpful Polish doctors in a hospital presented him to a German medical commission as a dying man being eaten up by tuberculosis. The ruse succeeded after a minor operation had been performed on a man who had learned during his unhappy stay in the Third Reich many useful and startling facts about German psychology.

Mr. Janta's new book comes a little late but the author should be called to the witness stand wherever Nazi crimes are today under discussion.

On the Scent of Jazz

THE ROBBED HEART. By Clifton Cuthbert. L. B. Fischer. 1945. 219 *pp.* $2.50

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

OF THE things Mr. Cuthbert wished to accomplish in his novel, the minor elements are the most thoroughly realized. Denis Sloane, his central character, is a student and critic of jazz music, and the movements of Sloane (a white man) through night-time Harlem in search of material turn up the best pages in the book: the rhythmic feel of jazz, a heady exaltation curling like a scent through the streets, the bars and dance spots, the jam sessions.

And there are figures met on the way who personify this in three earthy dimensions. The best of these is Denis's friend Bert Harris, the Negro trumpet player, a tough, pessimistic, slouchy sensualist who knows the wild, sure, craftsman's pride when he puts his horn to his lips. But this isn't the story unfortunately.

The story belongs to Denis Sloane, and his unhappy passion for Judy Foster, a colored girl. This is a strong and tragic theme. It fails, utterly, because Denis is thin, bloodless, vague, unimportant. As an aficionado of Jazz he is convincing; but as the hero of a bitter love affair that crosses the line of race he is so emotionally inadequate as to destroy the whole idea. For there seems to be no need of all this tragic machinery of miscegnation —Denis Sloane would, eventually, have muffed the girl next door, at Sutton Place, or Park Avenue. His inadequacies, his distant fumblings with life, are of course traceable to his creator.

Typical of Denis's thoughts are these, at the end, with the whole affair all but spent:

> For too brief an instant Judy had conferred a sufficing fluency on the machinery of his nature. She had brought him what he supposed he would have to call the illusory peace of normal emotional identity, a sense of pseudo-primitive consciousness.

Even as a clinical notebook record this would be pretty cold. As the stuff of a novel it is absolutely lifeless.

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The Atomic Age

THE LESSON OF ATOMIC ENERGY

The writer of this article is author of the well-known official report, "Atomic Energy for Military Purposes." Since December 1 of this year he has served as special consultant on atomic energy to the State Department. He is Chairman of the Department of Physics, Princeton University.

IT is just fifty years since Roentgen in Germany reported his first observations on X-rays, and so marked the beginning of modern atomic physics. Since that time, scientists of many countries have contributed to our knowledge of the atom and the laws that govern it. This has been one of the great periods of science. The half-century between 1895 and Hiroshima gave us knowledge that resulted in many devices such as the doctor's X-ray equipment and the radio. But in the first part of this period our control of the atom was superficial, for we had not learned how to use the energy in its center or nucleus. Now we have learned, and this is why the release of atomic energy brings us to a new age.

Perhaps I can explain the meaning of this revolutionary development more clearly by pointing out that an atom is constructed very much like our solar system. Most of an atom is empty space, but it has a central nucleus like the sun, and around this nucleus is a system of electrons very much like the system of planets around our sun. All the chemical changes that man has known in his existence on earth, from the burning of wood to the explosion of dynamite, from the digestion of food to the changing colors of autumn—all these involve only minor rearrangements of the outermost parts of the atom, like the shifting about of some of the outlying planets of our solar system. But now at last we have learned how to release the energy in the nucleus of the atom, as if we had learned to split the sun itself and release its elemental forces. We can today command atomic energy so great that it may change every aspect of our lives before the end of this century, and has already brought us into a new age.

In the weeks since Hiroshima, we have gradually learned the full significance of the atomic bomb. We know that a few thousand of these bombs could destroy in one night all the cities and industrial centers of this country, with their populations. We know that any country which sets out to make atomic bombs will be able to do so within a few years, since the fundamental principles were well known in 1939, and the only so-called secrets are technical tricks of manufacture and final assembly of the bomb. Any industrial nation can learn these tricks for itself and indeed improve upon them. We know that future atomic bombs can be cheaper and more destructive than the ones used to end this war, and that they can almost certainly be sent as rockets or planted secretly ahead of time and detonated without warning. Once an atomic bomb is made it lasts for a long time and can be stored or hidden with slight possibility of detection. We know that plants making atomic bombs would not necessarily have to be such great factories as those at Hanford or Oak Ridge, but could be smaller and dispersed, difficult to detect in the total economy of a country. We know that plants devoted to peaceful uses of atomic energy could in a short time be converted to bomb plants. We know that if *all* the atoms in one pound of Uranium-235 could be made to undergo fission, the explosion resulting from that one pound would be equal to the explosion of sixteen million pounds of TNT. We know that in all probability no adequate military defense—I say adequate—can be developed against atomic weapons.

I have repeated these facts, many of which are already clichés among us, because I believe we need to repeat them, to ourselves and to each other. If we can spread the full realization of atomic energy in our own country *and* in other countries, we may have a chance to work out with our fellow nations ways of living together without recourse to war. I do not think we should avoid or minimize the facts of the atomic age. I believe we should talk about them freely and face them as reasonable men.

It will be utterly impossible to keep further developments of atomic energy, for which scientists of the whole world have worked for fifty years, limited to one country or one group of countries. The principles of nuclear energy on which the atomic bomb is based, as I have pointed out, were known to scientists everywhere by 1939 and were eagerly discussed among them in that free interchange of ideas which is the strength of science, as indeed it should be of every other department of men's lives. Ideas are a common inheritance from the long tradition of thoughtful men in all countries and in all civilizations. To speak of secrecy in the field of thought, except under the black necessity of war, is to deny our moral birthright and the very tradition which has brought us this far from savagery.

The development of the atomic bomb in the last five years was not a scientific experiment carried on under perfectly controlled conditions in a remote laboratory. It was the combined effort of thousands of men and women of varying nationalities and backgrounds, freely joining their knowledge and their abilities for a

Hiroshima

By Maj. Joseph Hirsh

Thirty-four cigarettes was all it took
To sow the single seed square on the haired mosaic.
The hours and days of man's millennium merged in a flash.
A spear thrust four miles split the sky
Into a cloud cupola, reaching up and out
For the men with wings.
God roared—
At those below, who could not hear,
At those above and those beyond the seas—
Behold! This is your strength.
Beware! This is my fury.
Take heed! Ye who dare write Genesis in reverse.

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common objective. I believe we have something of value to learn from their experience. The purpose for which they worked, and to which they gave their full moral support, was the rapid ending of this war; they hoped the ending of all wars. That is why the associations of scientists who worked on the atomic bomb have been so anxious to make clear the implications of atomic energy. The men on the Manhattan Project kept the objective for which they were working clearly in their minds. It was more important to them than personal or professional advantage. They did not let themselves think there was only one way to reach this objective, for the scientist is trained to listen to other men's ideas about his work and to accept criticisms if they are justified by facts. If one man's ideas proved unworkable, the whole project was not given up, but instead other lines of approach were tried. The men who developed the atomic bomb were willing to try radical ideas. They were willing to think in new ways, for in one section after another of the project they were doing things that had never been done before. It is interesting that again and again, as they faced what seemed insuperable difficulties, they found that the so-called visionary idea proved in the end to be the practical one. I saw this happen many times in our work between 1940 and 1945.

We stand at the beginning of the Atomic Age. I would suggest that we learn some lessons from the methods that brought it to birth. We must think in new ways to meet this new age. We have always been an adaptable people, with the saving heritage of common sense. Let us now be willing to delegate our national sovereignty to the larger sovereignty of world law, for nationalism will be suicide in the world we have created. Let us ask the suggestions of other nations about our common problems, and not attempt to use our momentarily powerful position to force our ideas on *them*. Let us be as anxious to find the weaknesses in our own policies and conduct as we are to find them in the policies and conduct of our fellow nations. Let us not expect too much too soon, but act like wise and reasonable men. In the revealing light of the atomic bomb, our only objective must be enduring peace.

HENRY DEWOLF SMYTH

A Brief for the Zionist Position

JUSTICE FOR MY PEOPLE, by Ernst Frankenstein. New York: Dial Press. 1945. 208 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

THE AUTHOR, formerly a successful lawyer in Berlin, an authority on private international law, and at present an international lawyer in London, assumes that there is no immediate and complete solution to the Jewish problem, and that there is no solution at all without the reconstitution of Palestine as a Jewish state. The Jewish people may be permitted to exist in European countries; but only in Palestine can they live. Everywhere in Europe the Jews are a homeless minority. In their own homeland Palestine, if Jews succeed, they reap the fruits of their toil and genius in a better life; elsewhere, if they work harder than their neighbors and win a measure of success, the fruit of their toil and genius is envy, hatred, persecution.

The claim for the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine is based, says the author, on the natural right of every people to form a state, and on the special rights Jews have in Palestine. The natural right of a people to organize itself according to its own desires, to form a state, and choose a government, has been recognized by the Atlantic Charter; and the Jews have been recognized as a "people," in the international law sense, by the Balfour Declaration and the Palestine Mandate. The Jews have special claims to Palestine because they were settled there for over a thousand years, had their own state, and lost their land only after a desperate struggle. While other peoples, too, have lost their lands, such peoples have either perished or found new homes. The Jews, however, have survived their loss and have not found a substitute land; nor have they ever renounced their claims or acquiesced in their loss. Today no one possesses Palestine by sovereign right. Sovereignty remains yet to be vested. The Arabs do not today enjoy sovereign rights; they, like the Jews, are making a bid for these rights. Sovereignty, says Dr. Frankenstein, should be vested in the Jews on the ground of their legal title, and their political and moral claims.

This legal title, and the moral and political claims, are examined at length. Unlike the Jews, the Arabs in Palestine never constituted an independent sovereign state. In fact, seventy-five per cent of the present Arab population are either immigrants or descendants of persons who immigrated into Palestine during the last hundred years, for the most part after 1882. The long connection of the Arabs with the land, physically or politically, is a myth. The claims by Arabs outside of Palestine are on even weaker ground.

At this crucial moment in the history of the Jewish people, when the British government, in the furtherance of its own imperialistic or security policies, finds it advisable to oppose Jewish claims to Palestine, and to support, openly or subtly, the fraudulent *Lebensraum* claims of Arab effendis who exploit the Arab land workers and who had never given active support to the democracies in their life-and-death struggle, this book should be studied as a factual statement of the Jewish cause.

If the few thousand surviving Jews in the United States camps in Germany at the end of this year of grace still feel the full impact of anti-Semitism, if the repatriated Jews in Poland still suffer from pogroms, the assumption that the European Jews are homeless does not appear to miss the mark. If we were living in a world really free, world immigration would be free, and ultimately Palestine would become a Jewish state merely as a result of Jewish immigration and the application of the doctrine of national self-determination. But we live in a world where the shameful British White Paper of 1939, re-enforced by the Bevin statement a short time ago, is good international law. We live in a world where, while the United Nations are trying high Nazi leaders for their slaughter of millions of Jews, the high Allied leaders are themselves on trial before the very sensitive and tragic conscience of the Jews for their unconscionable failure to undertake even a single responsible constructive measure to render justice to the war's chief victims. "Justice for My People" should be compulsory reading in London, Washington, Moscow, and Paris.

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How to Put Words on Paper

ROBERT G. BERKELMAN

EVERY READER, we have been assured, is a potential writer. Each of us has at least one book stirring within him. Very well, but how hail it forth? How are we to transmute these inchoate fermentations into the rare Amontillado? Though the countless treatises expounding the principles of rhetoric may aid considerably, they may, on the other hand, merely confuse and dishearten the groping apprentice.

With little attempt at serious exhaustiveness, this essay, instead, offers snapshots of flesh-and-blood writers caught in the mysterious act. If these candid pictures fail to stimulate masterpieces, it may be pointed out that neither do the more orthodox formulas always evoke the true, the blushful Hippocrene.

From what Fount of the Muses, first, should the prospective author imbibe? From what Pierian springs have the successful brought their brimming amphorae? Well, as all cynics know, not a few men of the pen have also been men of the bottle—Verlaine, Baudelaire, Swift, Burns, Poe, E. A. Robinson. Charles Lamb was frequently befuddled. Richard Steele was often half drunk while portraying Sir Roger de Coverley. Before nips of brandy at the Cannibal Club, Swinburne, perhaps rendered by his epilepsy especially sensitive to stimulants, considered it good policy to pin his name and address on his lapel. Little wonder that many of his lines sing an intoxicated music and reel with abandon. Often Byron drank gin and water while writing. But most poets, however much they might indulge otherwise, have remained on the wagon at least during the act of composition.

In fact, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, out of his medical knowledge, assured his listeners that creative geniuses have used liquor not so much to inspire themselves as to pour excitement into the dull vacuum that follows intense creativeness. "The difficulty is, that the alcoholic virtues don't wash," testified the doctor; "but until the water takes their colors out, the tints are very much like those of the true celestial stuff."

Milton, with his insistence upon "clear water in a beechen cup, sober draughts from the pure spring," might well be acclaimed champion of the literary teetotalers. While composing, Shelley, likewise, relied solely upon tea and lemonade, until he was exhausted, when he occasionally resorted to laudunum. Oceans of tea were the chief liquid stimulant of ponderous Samuel Johnson and zestful William Hazlitt. At his protracted fits of work Balzac was sustained by innumerable cups of coffee.

Opiates have played their sinister role. One of the strangest and most revealing (as well as most familiar) accounts of the relation between drugs and writing is DeQuincey's "Confessions of an English Opium Eater"—"O just, subtle, and mighty opium," that sent him down nightly into chasms and sunless abysses, that conjured up myriad-headed leering crocodiles and infinite cavalcades marching to dream music. Coleridge penned "Kubla Khan" after such a laudunum reverie, in which all the images and accompanying phrases arose without effort before him.

Let us turn to less exotic stimulants. Though tough-minded Georgians smile upon mid-Victorian Tennyson as a too-too pure-hearted Galahad, it is ironically true that the poet laureate had his pint of port each evening and plucked most of his poems out of his almost continuous tobacco smoke. Without it he was quite lost. After breakfast a friend once climbed with him to his sacrosanct den for "the earliest pipe of half-awakened birds." And many another writer has done his best encompassed about by these earthly clouds. It was to the accompaniment of countless cigars that John Gibson Lockhart produced his masterly biography of Sir Walter Scott. James M. Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine" might easily serve for the literary smoker's manual if it were not for the fact that when he was writing the papers he was puffing experimentally upon his first pipe and swearing a fealty that was mostly imaginary. His recipe, he pretended, was "eight pipes: 1 ounce; 7 ounces: 1 week; 2 weeks: 1 chapter; 20 chapters: 1 novel."

Browning, who drank sparingly and smoked not at all, doted upon rich, spicy sauces and could make a whole meal of mayonnaise. How much of the latter's smooth unctuousness can be traced into his poems might be consigned for study to the next meetings of the Browning societies. It may be a little more significant that the austere Milton ate a handful of olives in the evening to remind himself of the rich magic of his youth in Italy, and that Emily Dickinson threw aside some of her puritanic restraint for homemade caramels. To curb his tendency toward fatness Byron, as long as possible, held himself to soda water and biscuits. Some of Schiller's dramas, curiously enough, were evoked by the odor of overmellow apples kept purposely in his desk. Vegetarian Shelley became lyrically intoxicated while putting butter in a hot baked potato. Herbert Spencer, on the other hand, having tried a meatless diet, testified, "I found that I had to rewrite what I had written during the time I was a vegetarian because it was so wanting in vigor."

Having found in such a variety of suggestions some adaptable recipe, the neophyte should be ready to determine *when* to let the inspiration flow. Not in the afternoon, say nearly all authors who have described their methods. The late-at-night and the early-in-the-morning workers are fairly evenly divided; indeed they merge into each other.

Not a few writers have done their composing in bed. Milton sometimes lay awake all night "striving but unable to make a single line." But when the mood was upon him (he was at his best only between autumn and spring) he would create thirty, forty lines in a rush and call his daughter to take them down. Likewise Goethe in his youth dreamed lyrics and recorded them in the morning. Most of his writing was done before noon, preferably on days of high barometric pressure; he rarely studied at night and neglected books for direct experience. In the hot summer nights of 1749, Rousseau, unable to sleep, put together the prize-winning essay that made an author of him. "I meditated in bed with my eyes shut," he relates in his "Confessions," "and turned and re-turned my periods in my head with incredible labor." "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" had its source in a nightmare from which Stevenson was inopportunely aroused by his wife.

Arnold Bennett could write anywhere, even in strange hotels; but he greatly preferred the morning, often getting down to work on such a masterpiece as "The Old Wives' Tale" as early as six o'clock. His afternoons were usually devoted to lighter news-

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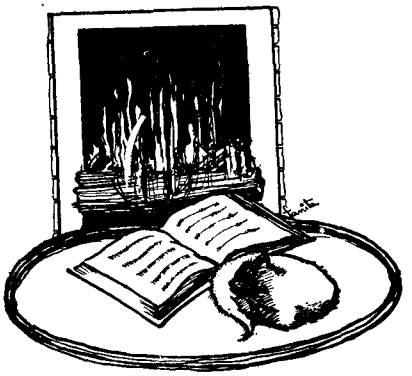
paper articles and to exercise. At the beginning of his career Jack London composed steadily day after day, for fifteen hours daily, sometimes forgetting to eat. His ancient typewriter was so phlegmatic, he tells us in his autobiographical "John Barleycorn," that it blistered his fingertips and produced rheumatic aches in his back. Later, however, he set himself the quota of one thousand words every morning, relying towards the close of his brief skyrocket career upon the added stimulant of whiskey.

Some writers, on the contrary, have been able to devote all their waking hours to composing or to thinking about their work. Such a one was Macaulay, who wrote every morning enough for two pages of print and spent most of the rest of the day, even while at the opera, planning and gathering material. His first draft he scribbled at top speed, abbreviating wherever possible. Then he polished his manuscript and finally tried it aloud on his family. Saturday evenings it was his habit to dine alone at the Star and Garter. At a certain table, after dinner, he would erect great pyramids of decanters, tumblers, and wine glasses. His paragraphs he constructed in much the same way. Occasionally both paragraphs and pyramids toppled, and he was obliged to pay the price.

Joseph Conrad, also, according to his collaborator Ford Madox Ford, was a creator of books from sunrise to bedtime. Something of a password on their walks together was his query, "Well, Ford, *mon vieux*, how would you render that field of wheat?" Both of them knew long stretches of "Madame Bovary" by heart and took to chanting them to savor the style. His intimate, inarticulate thinking—he once told William Henley—he did in his mother Polish, his more careful expression in French, and wrote in English only after composing in French and translating. To complete on time a final instalment for *Blackwood's* he once labored furiously all night. Ford, working across the street, heard Conrad run his window up and shout out, "For heaven's sake, give me something for *sale pochard;* it's been holding me up an hour." "Confounded swilling pig!" yelled his friend into the dark. And the book, rather appropriately, was "The End of the Tether."

For the acme of the methodical system Anthony Trollope takes the prize. If his example will not move the procrastinating, wishful beginner, a mountain of rhetorics will not serve. In twenty years he wrote forty novels by pacing himself. Up at 5:30 every morning, he spent a half-hour revising the previous day's work and catch-



ing his stride, then forced himself, watch in hand, to write 250 words every quarter hour. At 8:30 a.m., his literary chore performed, he dressed for breakfast and prepared for the day's work at the post office. From this before-breakfast labor he earned a third of a million dollars. Even seasickness, on a rough voyage from Marseille to Alexandria, failed to keep him from his regimen. In dealing with publishers he usually stipulated the number of words in the forthcoming novel, never fell short, and rarely exceeded it by much. Always ahead of schedule, he avoided printing an instalment until the whole book was finished, and often had two novels ready for print while working on a third. Yet he did not rush his work. What he wrote most rapidly, he was amused to note, was often most highly praised.

And where ought one to do his writing? Need he brood in an ideal study or possess a Gartenhaus such as that to which Goethe retreated? In "The Garret," Dr. Johnson, like a pensive elephant at play, went so far as to contend, tongue in cheek, that authors do their best in a cheap attic room, away from the dunning landlady and the street noises. But each to his own hideout. Some, in fact, have found prison walls good enough to stare at—Bunyan, Raleigh, Villon, Wilde, O. Henry. Eugene O'Neill was in a sanitarium when he discovered his urge to drama. Hypersensitive Flaubert, Proust, and Carlyle could work only in sound-proof chambers. Conrad wrote on the Chippendale desk at which Carlyle had slaved over "The French Revolution;" but on one occasion he made last-minute corrections asprawl on the floor of a railway carriage rattling into London. Hugo and Hawthorne liked to stand up to the job, as one may see by the high desks in the Place des Vosges house and in the tower room of the Wayside. In his Peterborough cabin Robinson, teetering in a rocker, measured out his lines and dropped the pages on the floor as he finished them.

And now, having had a choice of inspirations, of times, and of places, just how is one to get the words upon paper? Hemingway, who rewrote one of his stories eleven times, condemns the typewriter as the curse of modern writing, because it solidifies one's sentences before they are ready for print. Yet Gamaliel Bradford, writing to Robert Frost, admitted, "The typewriter makes all the difference in the world to me . . . the click of the keys is an aid to inspiration and helps to clarify my thoughts." Tennyson, who kept in practice by transforming his surroundings into similes, composed much of his poetry while walking and mumbling to himself. Once the old family cook asked, "What is Master Alfred always a praying for?" It was in this manner, in his eighties, while strolling with his son along the shore, that he created "Crossing the Bar," which was written down only after he returned home. Of his Tintern Abbey poem Wordsworth wrote: "I began it upon leaving Tintern, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of four or five days with my sister. Not a line of it was altered, and not a part of it written down until I reached Bristol." Much of "The Ancient Mariner" was likewise "written" while Coleridge was afoot.

Of the authors who have had to resort to dictation Scott is perhaps the most striking instance. Laid low by stomach cramps, he dictated from bed "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Legend of Montrose," and most of "Ivanhoe." During lively dialogue he would arise from his torment and, with the draperies of his couch about him, dramatize the scene, his secretary audibly smacking his lips over the more eloquent passages.

Perhaps after all the most practical help to be derived from experienced writers is simply this: if the urge to write is sufficiently compelling, it will express itself no matter how, when, or where. And without that impulsion no tricks of theory or of practice will avail.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 613)

THOMAS TRAHERNE:
CONSUMMATION

The thoughts of men appear
Freely to move within a sphere
Of endless reach; and run
Though in the soul, beyond the sun.
The ground on which they acted be
Is unobserved infinity.

Abiding in the mind
An endless liberty they find.

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CASE HISTORY

THERE are now two "Lost Weekends." The first, a novel by Charles Jackson, appeared early last year. The second, manufactured by Paramount, produced by Billy Wilder, directed by Charles Brackett, and written by both of them under the editorial direction of Doane Harrison, came to New York last month. It was heralded by such blasts of critical praise as few movies ever receive and is now knocking several audiences a day out of their seats in the Rivoli Theatre. Both the first and the second account of the days that Don Birnam, the drunk, lost in an alcoholic debauch in his brother's apartment, or wandering through New York in and out of bars and Bellevue's psychiatric ward, are told as vividly and dramatically as possible. The motion-picture version of "The Lost Weekend" spares the audiences nothing and seems to have been written and produced with complete honesty, as far as it lies with the heart of Hollywood to be honest, as if for once Hollywood had refused to cast even a side-glance at the box office. It will be a long time before there is a better opportunity to study what can, or must, happen to any fine novel that reaches the screen. It would seem to offer a final test of the limitations of a motion picture in contrast to the unlimited horizon of the novel.

It is unnecessary, perhaps, to state the task which Charles Jackson attempted when he wrote "The Lost Weekend" in 1943. He wanted to describe the reason for the agonies that a periodic alcoholic endures during one of his debauches, and the appalling physical dangers he encounters in city streets or behind the door of a locked apartment. All of this outward horror, the spectacle of a man lost to reason, lying, stealing for the sake of just another drink or another bottle, falling down stairs in easy flight and watching with a smile "the newel-post rising like an upswinging hammer to strike," the ultimate degradation of a man in an alcoholic ward—all of this pursuit of shame and death the motion picture accomplishes with artistry and with truth. But compared to the novel, it turns out, on reflection, to be merely another spectacular movie chase. The reason for the success of the novel was not its grim recital of what happened to a worthless dipsomaniac, but Mr. Jackson's determination to reveal why a man could not stop drinking.

In Mr. Jackson's own words, "Why did there always have to be some woman hopelessly involved with a hopeless drunk, so that the Helens of this world numbered into the hundreds of thousands?—But from there you went on: Why were drunks almost always persons of talent, personality, lovable qualities, gifts, brains, assets of all kinds (else why would anyone care?)—and from there, the next one: Why did you drink?"

Don Birnam, as the writer tells the story, drank because of a father fixation, because in his college fraternity he had been falsely accused of too ardent an admiration for an older man, because he had always failed at everything, because for years he had lain in a tuberculosis sanatorium, because the ugly misfortunes that he had endured before and after he started to drink filled his mind with loathing and shame, and because in drink alone he found a sudden exultant release in alcoholic daydreams in which he could be, at his own choice, a celebrated novelist, orchestra conductor, actor. About half of the novel is concerned with why Birnam drank, and at the end the reader knows that Mr. Jackson has not touched the core of the matter. This pursuit of a central motive goes on through dreams and night sweats, delirium, and morning hang-overs. It is what the book is about, why it was written. The accidents that happened to his hero in his frenzied search for the money to buy more bottles only serve to illustrate the novel's more exciting theme, the mystery of why he drank.

The motion picture touches the mystery only lightly, and then its explanation is false and puerile, and is invented for the purposes of simplification and finally for the happy ending, that dire necessity that has reduced many a fine and strong draught from the mind of talented writers to sugar and water. According to the movies Don Birman drank solely because he had a split personality, because he was two men in one body, a creative writer and an alcoholic. Mr. Brackett and Mr. Wilder must have felt that they were inspired when they thought of this Jekyll and Hyde idea. At the very end of the novel they kill off the alcoholic in Don Birnam, leaving the novelist, suddenly worthy of the love of a good woman, to fall into Helen's arms. The audience can pour out into Broadway every two and a half hours satiated or stunned with the thrills of this extraordinary chase and satisfied that the wretched man is about to become a successful husband and father and a prosperous novelist whose first work, called "The Bottle," will eventually be sold for an enormous sum to the movies. A good many of them, as this observer noted, staggered to the nearest bar.

It is worth while investigating this denouement further. In the book Don Birnam is finally rescued from his brother's modest apartment by the faithful Helen, and taken to her own bachelor rooms, where she can best give him a bath and take care of the reeking and haggard spectre as if he were a sick child. Failing to break into the closet where he knows she has stored a bottle or two, he steals her most valued possession, a fur coat, pawns it for a bottle or two, and goes home to polish them off, where his brother will find him safely drunk in bed when he returns from his weekend. In the movie Helen does not take him from his brother's wrecked and foodless apartment to her own, perhaps for some vague sense of impropriety in the movie mind. But on the screen he does steal her coat and hock it, not for liquor, but for a revolver with which to shoot himself. To keep him from executing this worthy deed Helen offers him a drink; to the astonishment and delight of the audience he refuses it, and finally drops a cigarette butt into the glass to show his contempt for alcohol, his old master. Helen tells him that now that the alcoholic is dead, the novelist will live and love. An embrace; curtain! Nobody laughed.

In the end, this case history of a movie that has been praised for its courageous acceptance of the unconventional comes down to this: The art of the motion picture that is made for the masses has its limitations. It can present accurately and honestly the outward behavior of a man and his speech. It cannot, as the novelist can, enter his mind, or, if you choose, his soul. At least, it cannot do so now, though some unimagined technique borrowed from the surrealists may one day be invented to open this closed and bolted door. H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Add Reviewords

SIR: I wish those critics had never been
Who label an author's prose "crystalline."

ARTHUR J. FRENCH

Washington, D.C.

Which Way Language?

SIR: As a practically obsolete antique, this matter of *shall* and *will* interests me, and I am glad to learn of someone else who believes in the traditional observance of the distinction, even if the tradition is only a couple of centuries old.

Isn't the whole matter one of precision in the use of language? And should not the language grow more precise rather than less so? I prefer to believe that where there is a *will* there is also a *shall.*

CARL P. ROLLINS

New Haven, Conn.

"I wonder if it's any good . . ."

Right Off the Chest

SIR: I have a tremendous beef on the publishing business. I know you will be with me, for your magazine is, to my knowledge, the only one in the land that is not guilty. I refer to the use of small type for quoted matter.

This typographical vice is inherited from the twilight of publishing. Why it should be, what excuse it has, is beyond me. The same pair of eyes read quoted matter as read regular text. If the eyes are good, why should they have to readjust themselves to type of a different size?

The ways of avoiding this are several. Italics of about the same size can be used. Again, quoted matter can be of the same font but leaded or indented differently—that is the way you do it. Again, newspapers merely use quotation marks on the regular body type.

The last I think is best. Quotes are used on dialogue—why not on any quoted matter? Perhaps I prefer the newspaper style because all my life I have been in the city room galley. But no, I hold no brief for newspaper progressiveness. Between us, the only improvement in newspapers in a generation has been copy boys with hairdos.

Take my own case. Besides your own publication, which I not only read but keep under my pillow for its talismanic effect, I am a steady reader of two periodicals, a monthly and a weekly, which set quoted matter in type half or less the size of the body type.

As for books, they are worse, following the style of the worst age of typography, the eighties and nineties. You buy a book in good faith, glancing at its type. But when you come to read it, if it is a history or biography, you find page after page of quoted matter which you most want to read that is set in a type of a size you would reject were the whole book printed in it.

At bottom I am a crusader. For years I waged relentless war against footnotes in books and then, of all things, they began putting them in news magazines. But I never give up. I am contemplating a campaign of letters-to-the-editor about prefaces in books. They should be kept out of the front where they so often spoil the whole book, and printed in the back, to be read last of all. Or better still, let prefaces be printed on the jacket where they can be conveniently thrown away.

TIMOTHY G. TURNER

Los Angeles, Calif.

Invitation to Disaster

SIR: The atomic age may be the shortest and unhappiest era of mankind, for it is already far later than most of us think. In spite of warnings by many concerned in the contrivance of the atomic bomb that its explosion might detonate the entire world by a chain reaction and that perhaps only a miracle has saved us in the three trials that have already been made, the military minds in nominal control of the atomic bomb have announced plans for experimental bombing of warships. Biologists have expressed concern over the possible effect of this experiment on marine life, especially if the plan to detonate a bomb beneath the surface of the ocean is carried out.

Not only does this plan to blow up a few old battleships with this pretty new military toy reveal a callous disregard for the life of the sea and a lack of concern for its possible effects on the earth itself, but even more important, it betrays the profound lack of understanding and imagination of those planning the experiment.

The only hope for mankind rests in making certain that the atomic bomb, with its release of uncontrollable energy, is never again used for any purpose. We will lose far more than we gain if we condone such experiments as this by the small boy minds of professional soldiers, who refuse to admit that if there is to be hope for the world, their profession must be abandoned. We all know what the bomb will do, and it is worse than a waste of time and scrap metal to blow battleships to bits with it to see if it can be done—it is a confession of moral poverty and an invitation to disaster.

JOEL W. HEDGPETH

Rockport, Texas

Somebody's Wrong

SIR: Among your readers are there any poets, professors, or ornithologists who will enlighten me as to the following question? Why does Quiller-Couch, in his "Oxford Book of English Verse," quote a line from Marvell's "Thoughts in a Garden" as

> There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
> Then whets and *combs* its silver wings.

while Palgrave, in his "Golden Treasury," has it like this:

> There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
> Then whets and *claps* its silver wings.

I trust that even in this "atomic age" Andrew Marvell is still read and enjoyed.

ANTHONY BLOUNT

New London, Conn.

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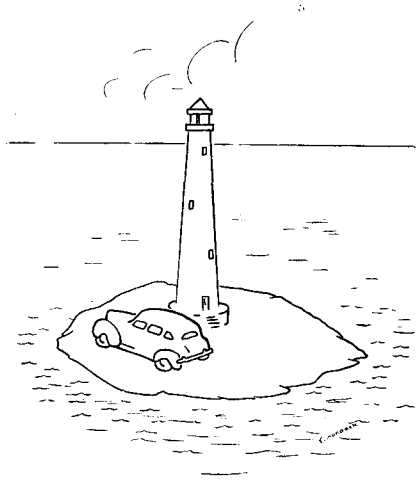
TRADE Winds

YEAR-END MISCELLANY

IN HIS BIOGRAPHY of Laurence Sterne, called "A Fellow of Infinite Jest," Thomas Yoseloff declares that the body of the man who wrote "Tristram Shandy" did not rest long in the grave to which it had been committed. Ghouls dug it up and sold it to Cambridge University, which had been experiencing trouble in obtaining bodies for dissecting purposes. (Such practices were regarded with deep suspicion in 1768.) One of the doctors who participated in the experiment had been a longtime friend of Sterne, and when the cloth was removed from the face, and the doctor recognized it, he ran screaming from the hall. What a plot for a story by August Derleth or Guy Endore! . . . Dana Lyon writes that a well-known citizen of San Jose met his ex-wife at a cocktail party, and warmed by the libations, suggested that they have another go at connubial bliss. "Over my dead body," said the lady haughtily. "My error," said the erstwhile spouse. "I see you haven't changed a bit." . . .

DR. GEORGE PEIRCE bought a copy of "The Lives of Winston Churchill" at the Stanford Bookstore. Helen Stirling asked him, "What do you think of the current political situation?" Dr. Peirce answered, "Have you ever tried porridge after a cocktail?" . . . A visitor to the *SRL,* casting a jaundiced eye over recent appointments by the President, remarked, "It's becoming obvious that Truman is using his present office merely as a springboard for the next election. That man's real ambition is to become governor of Missouri!" . . . Clifton Fadiman has embarked upon a three-year project entitled "Living Literature of Greece and Rome." It will run to two or three large volumes and will consist of sixty to a hundred thousand words of original commentary (Mr. Fadiman prefers the word "conversation") plus a full selection from whatever in classical literature still, in Mr. Fadiman's phrase, "speaks to us today — and nothing else." The finished work will probably exceed a million words plus the editor's extended comment. . . . When J. Edgar Hoover agreed to write a foreword to "Inside the F.B.I.," author John J. Floherty expansively promised to autograph as many copies as F.B.I. staff men requested. The total to date is 5231. It's a Lippincott book. . . . Tom Powers, the man who dreamed up the title "Virgin with Butterflies" for his last novel, informs Bobbs-Merrill that he's calling his next one "Sheba on Trampled Grass." . . . The thirty-seventh edition of "Anthony Adverse" will contain illustrations by Rockwell Kent, Covarrubias, Douglas Gorshine, and Umberto Romano. . . .

IF IT'S GOOD, simple amusement you are looking for, and you don't mind the fact that some of the stories are as corny as anything in "Laughing Stock," there are three new humorous collections on the market that merit your attention. Harry Hershfield, Joe Laurie, Jr., and Ed Ford have crammed the funniest of their radio stories into "Can You Top This?" (Didier, $2). Milton Berle's "Out of My Trunk" is also very amusing in spots, although there are pages that make you wish he had confined himself to the top layers (Grayson, $1). Boyce House's "Texas — Proud and Loud" (Naylor, $1.79) contains some of the newest stories of the lot. Like all joke collections, these volumes are meant to be dipped into, and not read through at one sitting. They also overlap in spots. The true connoisseur will derive added pleasure from noting the devices employed by experts to make genuine antiques seem glisteningly new, and to chip just enough of the rough edges from smoking-room classics to make them suitable tid-bits for a D.A.R. tea-party. . . . If you would open your repast with caviar, dip into David McCord's new anthology of American and British humorous verse, "What Cheer" (Coward-McCann, $3.50). And for a fine old brandy to leave just the right taste in your mouth, wind up with "The Practical Cogitator," by Charles Curtis, Jr., and Ferris Greenslet (Houghton Mifflin, $3). . . .



A TRADE WINDS AWARD to Ben Abramson for restoring to print Charles S. Finney's unique fantasy, "The Circus of Dr. Lao." . . . A prominent critic confused a Boston audience recently by introducing Elizabeth Janeway as "Kate Greenaway" (who died in 1901). As a matter of fact, there has been some talk lately of reissuing a few of the juveniles containing the famous Greenaway illustrations. . . . Tom Lamont, longtime friend of the *SRL* and one of the finest gentlemen in these parts, has donated $1,500,000 for a new library at Harvard, explaining that he is "still moved by the sense of exhilaration and stimulus" of his undergraduate days there. . . . Houghton Mifflin's next Life-in-America prize book will be "No Time for Tears," by Lora Wood Hughes, a seventy-year-old nurse from the State of Washington. . . . Leo Guild, whose Trade Winds contribution, "It Could Happen Any Edition Now," was reprinted by *Reader's Scope,* has a book coming up called "You Bet Your Life" under the Marcel Rodd imprint. Guild claims that he struck up a conversation with a waitress in Hollywood last week. "I saw 'Mildred Pierce' on the screen," she told him, "and that decided me to take up the profession of waitress." Guild warned her, "For God's sake, steer clear of 'Forever Amber'." . . .

IT WILL BE plain "Doubleday & Company" after January 1. . . . John Farrar's re-entry into publishing (Straus & Farrar) probably means a change in the firm name of Farrar & Rinehart too. . . . Dorothy Parker complained of the cold. "Go to Mexico," said S. J. Perelman. "Why?" queried Moss Hart. "Because," replied the japester, "down there it's chili today and hot tamale." . . . Louis Sobol reports that the critic of the *Bartender's Journal* gave "The Lost Weekend" four hiccoughs. . . . Peter Lorre arrived very late for a dinner party. "I couldn't get rid of some guests I had in for cocktails," he explained. "They were the kind of people who think when they've gotten up to say goodbye that they've gone." . . . Salvador Dali has started a "newspaper" called *The Dali News.* It's on sale at some bookstores at a quarter a copy, and is intelligible in spots. One of his latest paintings is entitled "Napoleon's Nose, Transformed into a Pregnant Woman, Strolling His Shadow with Melancholia Amongst Original Ruins." That's clear enough, isn't it? . . .

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" 'E pluribus unum' . . . 'E pluribus unum' . . . what's the matter . . . can't you speak English?"

"COUNTRY ROAD" is a new volume of poems by Leone Rice Grelle, published by Macmillan. It includes one called "Auction" that is reprinted here by permission:

How much am I bid for a proud old wall
That a forefather built in the long ago?
And how much for the acres, the reaching rods
That climb the way that the tall winds blow?

And what will they give for the rambling barn
That brought and sheltered the new-born things
That knew his love, in their helplessness?
And what is the price his silence brings?

And who will offer a worth-while sum
For a house that was never a house to me,
But a home? And what for a pasture gate
And a spring; and the soul of a hemlock tree?

And how much for the road that searched the hill
And led his feet to the setting sun
When his work was finished, his great hands still?
And what for a heart, when the sale is done? . . .

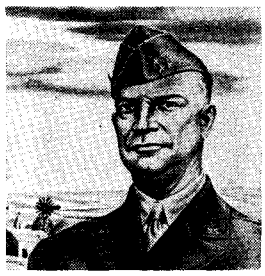
BROADWAY PRODUCERS complain that it's futile for them to discover promising new talent; the moment a newcomer makes a hit, he (or she) is seduced by the siren song of a Hollywood scout and vamooses for the Coast without so much as a thank-you to the man who provided the opening chance. "To rub it in," added one showman, "the film companies who steal our talent usually demand four pairs of free seats for the openings so they won't overlook any bets." Oscar Serlin, producer of "Life with Father," had an experience this season that emphasizes the point.

Serlin was casting a new play, and wanted a fresh, unknown beauty for the leading ingenue part. He was impressed with the reading of a youngster whose only previous professional experience was a couple of walk-on extra roles in pictures a year before. She hadn't had a job in months, and was tearfully grateful when she heard that Serlin would seriously consider her for a big part on Broadway. "Come back tomorrow," he suggested. "Oh, I will, I will," she promised happily.

The next morning he offered her a run-of-the-play contract. Her reaction was not exactly what he had expected, however. Evidently she had been talking things over with a friend from Hollywood. "I don't think I can sign this," she told Serlin. "For heaven's sake, why?" he asked. "Suppose this show is a smash hit and runs for two years," she explained. *"I'd be stuck in it!"*

BENNETT CERF

"From where I sit"



BECAUSE we are in publishing and because it is a business, sometimes we sit around and try to think up good ideas for biographies. But we know that there are obvious pitfalls to this sort of a policy, and only sometimes do we indulge it. A biography has to have something more than just a likely subject, especially in the case of a living subject, because many other houses are liable to do one on the same person, and naturally we want ours to stand out above the others.

A biography, to use the common phrase, has to be a full-length portrait, it has to be both a composite picture and an accurate record—accurate enough for historians to refer to with confidence. Otherwise it gets bogged down with references which come to mean nothing as time goes on.

Take Eisenhower, for example. There are already several biographies of the man and there will probably be many more. So how do you choose which one is best?

In the first place, it was not a question of looking around for some correspondent to write a biography of Eisenhower. We knew that KEN DAVIS had worked with Milton Eisenhower, Ike's brother, and we knew that DAVIS had been collecting data from the Eisenhower family out in Kansas with the idea of doing something on the man. DAVIS got his information firsthand. He knew a good deal about Eisenhower's life and background long before he was sent to SHEAF headquarters in Europe. His experience with the General overseas supplemented what he had already collected, and he was ready to write the book. But the important thing is that DAVIS was a writer first. His novel, *In the Forests of the Night,* got the good press that a good piece of writing deserves.

In **Soldier of Democracy** DAVIS has revealed himself to be a swell biographer. He sees things like a writer. He knows how to take facts and anecdotes, trends and thoughts and impressions and put them together so that they form a continuously interesting and informative picture. He is never sidetracked by trivial recitations of dates and rosters and lunches and debates and asides. The result, I think, is the best biography of Eisenhower that will come off the presses for a long time to come.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

JESSNERTREPPEN

THE last play you would expect Hitler to enjoy was apparently the first one he saw. The drama in question was "Wilhelm Tell," and the future Fuehrer a boy of twelve when in Upper Austria he was taken to see it.

Although words seldom failed Hitler, except when it came to having them make sense, he has nothing to say in "Mein Kampf" either about Schiller's ode to liberty or his own reactions to it. He merely confesses that he saw "Wilhelm Tell." Then, in the same sentence, he rushes on to add that a few months later he sat before "Lohengrin" and "was captivated at once."

Hindsight is as easy as conjecture is dangerous. But, what with one thing and another, my own guess is that, when confronted with Schiller's play, the budding Adolf did one of two things. Either he was taken home before it was over, as sometimes happens to bad children, and hence missed its ending. Or, if he stuck it out, he gave his heart not to Tell but to Gessler, that tyrant whose first name was Hermann.

Schiller's drama and Hitler's share in Germany's fate came jointly to my mind when, two weeks ago, I read of Leopold Jessner's death. Jessner, you see, was himself not unconnected with "Wilhelm Tell." He had produced it at Berlin's Staatstheater twenty-two years ago. I can still recall that production, though it was not one of his best. Unless my memory fails me, he had even staged the play in Hollywood after the advent of the Nazis had driven him to this country as a refugee. As one of the illustrious many from the German theatre.

To most Americans Jessner was doubtless unknown. But to all students of the stage, especially those of us who had been in Germany just after the last war, Jessner's name meant much. It was second only to Reinhardt's. The position he held in the theatre was the highest the young Weimar Republic had to offer. He was the director of all the State theatres in the land; to be more precise, the Uberintendant.

More than standing for a man, his name symbolized a period. The period in question represented a phase in dramatic history. A hunk out of our lives, too; an interlude which now seems (as in the way with things past) both remote and near; as distant as if it had never occurred except in a dream, yet as insistent as if it had taken place yesterday. In this respect, it makes me think of what a young officer, just back from two gruelling years in Europe and about to turn civilian, said to me recently when I asked him how real his war experiences remained for him. "I remember them," he replied, "the way I do an exciting feature film seen six months back."

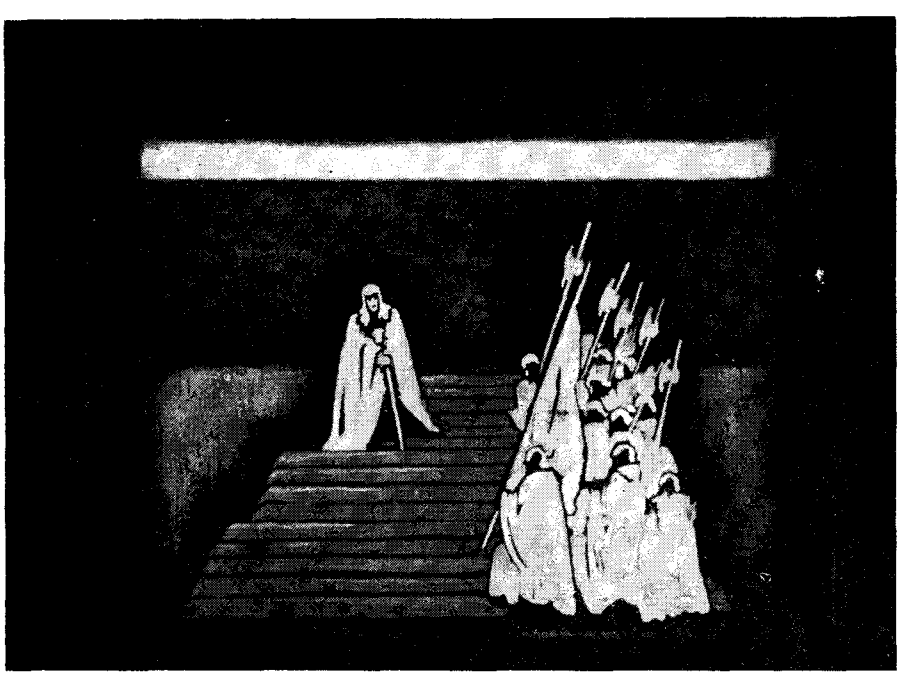
In the twenties the German theatre was very much alive. For the stage-struck of every land it was technically the Mecca that the theatre of Soviet Russia was later to become. The poverty to be found in Berlin and Frankfurt, in Darmstadt and Munich, in Dresden and Mannheim, in Stuttgart and Leipzig, had proved enriching rather than curtailing. It had presented a new challenge to the invention of theatre-workers, if for no other reason than that it made a costly realism unthinkable.

German audiences were composed of determined drama lovers, shabby and gray looking, however plump. Each night that they assembled in a playhouse, carrying thick brownbread sandwiches with them, they had had to choose between a regular meal and a drama. If they chose the latter, why not? German actors then included such players as Moissi, the Thimigs, Hartmann, Bergner, Pallenberg, and Wegener.

The work of German directors and designers was, if anything, more compelling. It was a show in itself. Whether they were reviving a classic or producing a new play by Toller or von Unruh, the touch of these men was virtuoso. In those days they came in pairs, Ark-wise, to the service of the stage. Reinhardt and Stern in the greasepaint empire over which Reinhardt ruled. Weichert and Sievert at Frankfurt. Fehling and Strohbach, Jessner and Pirchan in Berlin. Pinched budgets released their large imaginations.

The New Movement in the theatre, now almost as forgotten as the glories of the Daly company and as taken for granted as a streamlined train, was then still new. In scenery and the subconscious, in a cross between what Craig and Freud had cried for, and a complete surrender to what Shaw's Louis Dubedat had described as "the might of design, the mystery of color, (and) the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting," the post-war theatre of those years appeared to be reborn.

The stress everywhere was noisily upon stagecraft; upon the manner of



— "From Continental Stagecraft"

Jessner "loved stairs—indeed, swamped his stage with them—because they freed the movement of his actors." The sketch depicts Jessner's setting for Richard III.

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Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'w. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

production; upon the cult of Expressionism; upon the "presentational" as opposed to the "representational" stage. The designer had emerged as the scenic artist; the electrician as a musician of the switchboard; and the director as a titan as powerful as any autocrat Hollywood could concoct.

I was in Europe in those days, fresh from Harvard, studying the theatre with Donald Oenslager, the designer. We had patterned our grand tour, which was to take us from England to Sweden, and then across the Continent to Turkey and back again, upon what Kenneth Macgowan and Robert Edmond Jones had done before us. Their "Continental Stagecraft" was at once our blueprint, our Baedeker, and our Bible.

I was doing the reporting, Don the sketching, of the production we saw for *Theatre Arts*, the *Louisville Courier - Journal*, and the *Boston Transcript*. If the *Transcript* has disappeared, a lamented victim of peace and changing days, so have most of the proud playhouses—the Prince Regenten and the glorious old Residentz in Munich, and scores upon scores of others—to which we used to go each night. They are rubble now. So are the cities in which they stood. Oppose "Wilhelm Tell" and Hitler once again, and this wreckage, however tragic, is explained. Once these theatres were the flowers of a free Germany.

But to get back to Jessner. His name was then a part of the language. If someone said "Jessnertreppen," every theatrewise German knew what was meant. So did we, even before we had seen his productions of "Fiesco" and "Faust." After all, we had read our Macgowan. We had even shared our copy of "Continental Stagecraft" with Jessner and Pirchan. Although they could not read the text, when they first saw Jones's sketches of their "Othello," "Richard III," and "Napoleon," they filled the air of their Berlin office with shouts of "Schön!," "Das ist sehr gut, nicht wahr?," and "Wunderschön!" Jessner's head, which shone like a billiard ball, pinkened with pleasure when he realized the recognition he had received abroad.

Macgowan had translated "Jessnertreppen" as "those crazy steps of Leopold Jessner." In doing this, he had paraphrased Jessner's detractors in

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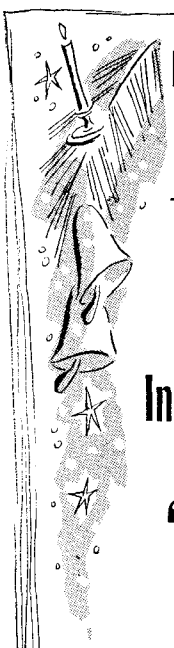

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order to arrive at what was the outstanding characteristic, if not the major virtue, of Jessner's direction.

Jessner despised the constriction and monotony of a flat stage. Although he could work as a realist, as his "Candida" and "An Enemy of the People" showed, he was happiest when he functioned as a symbolist. He loved stairs—indeed, swamped his stage with them—because they freed the movement of his actors. They enabled him to bring a third dimension to the usually two-dimensional theatre.

He relied upon them, also, to aid him in his search for an outward symbol of a play's inner action. In spite of the variety of movement which his steps made possible, Jessner's reliance upon them as a physical chart for spiritual health or material well-being was carried to ludicrous lengths. So far as his central characters were concerned, they were apt to start either at the bottom of his stairs and work up (at least while their fortunes prospered), or begin at the top and slide down. You could almost tell how the Fates regarded these tragic Jacks and Jills by where they were stationed on Jessner's steps. You could do this as surely as you could determine if, as people, they were good or bad by whether they wore pure white robes or clothes dyed in blood.

Obvious as his methods were, oppressively *Deutsch* and sausage-fed as was his touch, gross and childish as at times his symbolism could be, Jessner was nonetheless exceptional. He was a figure of wonderful vitality; daring and creative. He had added enormously to the excitements of the theatre of his day and country in those days when he was still able to call his country his own.

The nearest we have come to him in our own theatre, the director who most closely approached his virtues, was Orson Welles in his brief, though memorable, season at the Mercury. Although Welles was no champion or slave of steps, he brought something of Jessner's heightening qualities to his productions. He rejoiced in the same sense of stunt showmanship; was as skillful in handling crowds; and had the same genius for underscoring his intentions with greasepaint.

Reading that Jessner had died at sixty-seven in Los Angeles, far removed from the scene he had once dominated, I wondered why, when I had seen him at most for three conversations made unsatisfactory by the static of his English and my German, his dying should have left me with a personal sense of loss.

Then suddenly I realized that even in death Jessner remained the arch-symbolist. He and his work were part of a universe that no longer exists. Although a contemporary, he might as well have been a Mayan, a Cretan, a Greek, or a Roman. Like Reinhardt, he was representative of thousands upon thousands of his kind—in and out of the theatre. He was a symbol of Europe's dispossessed; of her displaced persons. A symbol, too, of the old world as it had been and might have continued to be, and, God willing, will some day be again.

Here the author of "Mein Kampf" insists upon thrusting himself once more into the picture. He enters wearing the blood red of Jessner's Richard III. Fortunately for all of us, he is now placed as far down on the steps as Jessner himself would want him to be.

JOHN MASON BROWN

Boy Croy Again

WONDERFUL NEIGHBOR. By Homer Croy. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 204 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

IF one did not know that this book was written by Homer Croy he would swear that it was written by Homer Croy. It is really a series of sketches deriving from the author's young years on a Missouri farm; how long Mr. Croy can keep this up without repeating himself importantly is a matter of speculation only for his life-insurance company. He obviously had a great deal of sensitivity in his childhood and youth and this now abets his memory.

The sketches are linked thinly on two themes—the neighborliness of Newt Kennedy and the immigrant adventures of a Russian, or perhaps Polish, family, the Delinskys. Newt, the good neighbor and good farmer, ultimately goes to town, at his wife's insistence, and becomes broke. The Delinskys, whose unorthodox Russian farming has convinced the neighbors that they won't last more than a season, end up prosperous citizens, and able to help Newt back to his farm.

It sounds pat but it has happened a great many times. Los Angeles is full of the best and most miserable farmers there are, living on pittances. Almost any farmer in most fair farm regions knows a Delinsky, or several of them.

But substantially this is a sketch book; some of the bits are thin but most are very descriptive, or touching, or funny. The funniest bit is Delinsky's second step in Americanism, "Delinsky Buys a Little Building" and puts it in his front yard to show his advance in Western manners.

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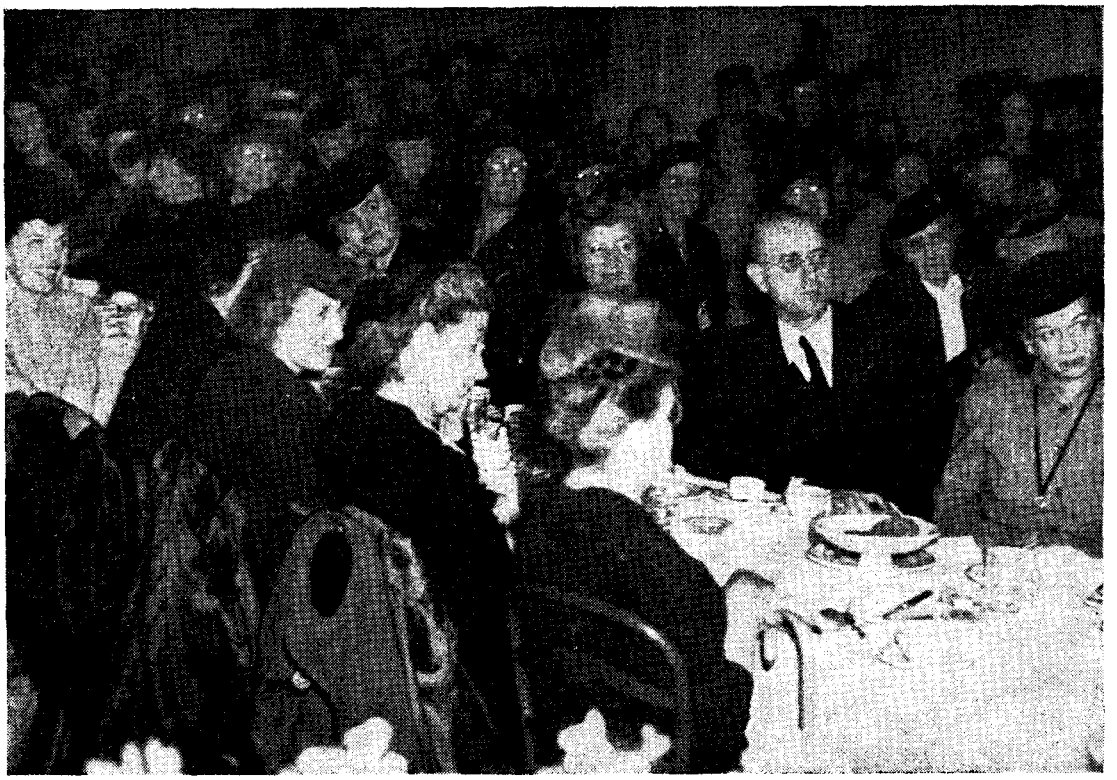

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On December 5, in the middle of a busy Christmas season — in rain, sleet and snow — booklovers of Washington filled every available seat in the Main Ball Room of Hotel 2400 at this first of a series of Book and Author Luncheons sponsored by The Washington Post.

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New Zealand—A Colony of the Mind

E. H. McCORMICK

WELLINGTON.

FOUNDED as a British colony in the early years of Victoria's reign, New Zealand was approaching the end of its first century on the outbreak of war in 1939. A century had been too brief a period for the European mind and spirit to make for themselves a permanent home in surroundings so alien and remote as those of New Zealand, and the country still clung to the cultural ties which had bound it to the motherland through a long adolescence. Some New Zealanders continued to find pride and support in the illusion that they inhabited a "Brighter Britain" and that they themselves were "more English than the English."

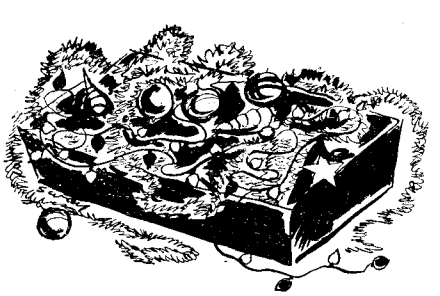
But in the centennial year and the decade or so before it there could be discerned a sharpened self-consciousness combined with a more adult outlook. This increasing maturity was becoming articulate in the work of a number of writers who had set themselves to the interpretation of a country and a way of living that were, in their eyes, not copies of something else but separate and distinctive. "Remember us for this, if for nothing else," said one of these writers, Robin Hyde. "In our generation, and of our own initiative, we loved England still, but we ceased to be 'for ever England.' We became, for as long as we have a country, New Zealand."

Behind this affirmation is a literary history which in general outline resembles that of other new countries, though it has certain local variations. The colonists of New Zealand, like colonists in most ages and climes, one supposes, came to found homes in a country that seemed to promise enlargement of horizon and fortune; and the best efforts of more than two generations went into the practical business of subduing an untilled wilderness. No profession of letters existed in the pioneering years; indeed, the writing of books is today normally combined with more secure and profitable occupations. But the idealistic trappings of the scheme for colonizing New Zealand—the ambition conceived in the hungry forties of founding in the southern hemisphere a brighter and better Britain—attracted to the country more than the normal quota of enterprising and literate colonists. These men and women bound New Zealand to the old world by a network of literary associations and in their restricted leisure or in retirement often turned to the writing of memoirs, fiction, and verse.

The books of the first period of settlement are inevitably of greatest interest to New Zealanders as documents of their social history. Written as a rule for the enlightenment of an English public, they describe the country, the appearance and custom of its native people, and the exhilarating, if strenuous, life of the colonist. One of the best is the young Samuel Butler's "First Year in Canterbury Settlement" (1863), a shrewd, not uncritical account of exploration and settlement in the sheep country of the South Island. "Erewhon" (1862), one in a line of novels set in the unexplored New Zealand hinterland, was conceived and partly written before Butler returned to England, and opens with superb descriptions of the foothills and mountains of the Southern Alps.

The young man of letters, Butler, may be contrasted with the robust figure of F. E. Maning, who came to New Zealand in pre-colonization days and in the early sixties published "Old New Zealand" and "The War in the North." In a superlative degree these books have the qualities that lend readability to all the memoirs of this period—gusto, colloquial raciness, and a characteristic undertone of nostalgia for the "good old times." But Maning's bluff horse sense about the Maori people and his total failure to comprehend their institutions illustrate and in part explain the tragic breach between European and native which it has taken half a century to close. Fiction survives in some abundance from these days, usually in the form of the Victorian thriller decked out with local trappings and often concluding with repatriation to the homeland and titled felicity.

The one great achievement of New Zealand's pioneer writers was their studies of the Maori people and their contributions to native folklore. Preeminently to Sir George Grey, an early governor, and to an official, Edward Shortland, New Zealand owes the preservation of the Maori myths of creation, the tales of their folk hero, Maui, and the cycles of legends which reached back through antiquity to a Pacific, or as some authorities say, an Asiatic homeland. New Zealanders of today are more willing than was Grey to acknowledge that this body of myths and traditions formed the first indigenous literature of their country—an oral literature, it is true, but beautifully molded to the New Zealand scene and closely integrated with the Maori way of life. A premature attempt to interpret this material in poetic form was made by Browning's friend, Alfred Domett, in "Ranolf and Amohia" (1872), an immense narrative and reflective poem which is epic only in length. Strange things happened to the romantic impulse in the antipodes; the garden of New Zealand poetry is overshadowed by outsize exotics and choked by the weeds of Victorian poeticizing. The function of pioneer verse, where it had a recognizable function, was to assuage nostalgic recollection or, as with Domett, to soften the hard facts of colonial reality.



With the nineties a new impulse made itself felt. Up to this point New Zealand books had, with few exceptions, been written by colonists who had grown to maturity in the old world, by men and women who wrote with assurance, supported by the conventions absorbed in their youth. Now was heard the voice of native-born New Zealanders, romantically aware of their position as the first generation of a new state. But beneath the strident note of nationalism is an undertone that is provincial and timid. In fifty years the New Zealanders had lost vital touch with the mother country; they had not yet been able to shape their own life as a people nor to find means of expressing a nationalism that was still inchoate. Paradoxically, as England grew more remote, its power as a distant abstraction became greater. There intervenes a twilight period when New Zealand writers, largely disregarded by their more practical countrymen, lost themselves in the attempt to create a literature from the shreds and patches of an English literature which they imperfectly understand and which had little relation to their own experience.

Caught in the toils of a powerful mother fixation, absorbed in the pursuit of a prosperous respectability, New Zealand had little to offer its finer talents. Before the nineties were out William Pember Reeves, the most distinguished writer of the new generation and the intellect behind New Zealand's social legislation, had left to establish himself in the literary world of London. Some ten years later New Zealand's greatest imaginative writer followed the same path. Katherine

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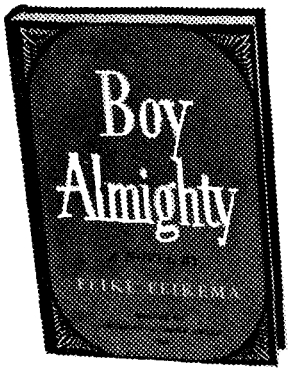

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Mansfield left New Zealand with undisguised relief—"Philistia itself" she described her hometown, Wellington. But her career as a writer is the story of a talent which, nurtured in the center of English literature, achieved its finest expression in the reminiscenses of her childhood and young womanhood. It was in handling this narrow range of experience that Katherine Mansfield's genius finally flowered and that she herself realized the ambition of "making her undiscovered country leap into the eyes of the Old World."

From the mass of undistinguished, if sincere, writing which appeared in New Zealand during these years one book, "Tutira" (1921), stands out like a monolith. Its author, H. Guthrie-Smith, was born in Scotland and, coming to New Zealand in the eighties, established himself on a sheep station called Tutira. Intimate knowledge of one tract of country, a minute habit of observation, imaginative power, and a dry farmer's humor unite in this book to form not merely the story of one locality but the record of New Zealand through successive geological ages and two phases of human tenure. "Tutira" is New Zealand's most original book; until the recent past, it was the only

one that could, in any sense, be termed indigenous.

In the late twenties there were, however, stirrings of new life that were quickened and matured by the onset of the great depression. The literary movement, closely related to contemporary political and social changes, took shape most substantially in poetry which throughout New Zealand's history has retained its traditional prestige. The best work of this period was recently collected in "A Book of New Zealand Verse 1923-45" edited with a penetrating introduction by New Zealand's foremost critic, Allen Curnow. The sixteen poets represented in this collection, though differing greatly in age and accomplishment, are united by a deep seriousness of purpose, technical skill, and an adult approach to New Zealand themes. It can no longer be said that New Zealand verse is derivative or provincial.

New Zealand fiction also appeared to have grown up in the thirties. Jane Mander's "Story of a New Zealand River" (1920), and before her the work of William Satchell, had pioneered the way for a few novelists who, in contrast with plot-mongers and purveyors of local color, accepted the New Zeaand environment and interpreted it with understanding. The versatile and tragically short-lived Robin Hyde, in three novels, "Passport to Hell" (1936), "Nor the Years Condemn" (1938), and "The Godwits Fly" (1938), created a vivid record of New Zealand life as it had been experienced by common men and women in this century. John Mulgan in "Man Alone" (1939) and Frank Sargeson in a collection of sketches, "A Man and his Wife" (1940), worked within narrower limits, bringing to New Zealand fiction a technical accomplishment and a fastidious self-criticism before unknown. Both writers made extensive use of New Zealand idiom, both had learned—and mastered—a great deal from contemporary American fiction, notably that of Hemingway and Anderson. New Zealand writers no longer took their bearings exclusively from the main tradition of English letters.

As they looked back on their literature in the centennial year of 1940, New Zealanders could take pride from a small but positive achievement, promising a good deal for the future. At length, it seemed, New Zealand had learned that even in the modern world it is possible, and necessary, that a small nation should work out its own cultural destiny, not of course in complete independence of larger and older cultures, but with modest self-reliance. New Zealand was coming of age. The war has intervened, and since that time almost one-fifth of New Zealand's male population has gone overseas. The meeting in foreign surroundings with men of other nations has given New Zealanders a more acute realization of their separate identity. Their repatriation will have profound effects on the country and ultimately on its literature. Two books published this year are contrasting samples of what is to come. "Gunner Inglorious," a colloquial account of his experiences by Jim Henderson, a former prisoner of war, reveals the dry humor and the fortitude which have characterized the New Zealand soldier. "Cliffs of Fall," by Dan Davin, is a sombre novel showing a powerful and original talent, not yet mature but deepened by the years its author has spent in North Africa and Italy. There is, however, a debit side; New Zealand's casualties included the novelist John Mulgan and, it is certain, many potential but nameless writers of the post-war years.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Eliza Doolittle, in "Pygmalion," by George Bernard Shaw.
2. Cordelia, in "King Lear," by Shakespeare.
3. Quasimodo, in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," by Victor Hugo.
4. Mr. Creakle, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
5. Verman, in "Penrod," by Booth Tarkington.
6. Judson Tate, in "Next to Reading Matter," by O. Henry.
7. Mr. Sprague, in "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.
8. Masetto, in "The Decameron" (Second Day), by Boccaccio.
9. Rico Sansone, in "The Shadow" (also in "Count Bruga"), by Ben Hecht.
10. George Mulliner, in "The Truth about George," by P. G. Wodehouse.

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THE STATE OF THE NATION'S HIGHER EDUCATION

(*Continued from page 7*)

policies of the institutions and the writings of the men affirm every tenet of the democratic faith as briefly summarized above.

Mr. Fine is not able to quote a single sentence from any of us to the contrary, though he seems quite able to avoid quoting the many affirmative statements each of us has made. Mr. Fine has difficulty in interpreting the relaxed entrance requirements at both institutions, and especially the Chicago B.A. given at the end of what is conventionally the sophomore year; for these policies obviously aim at making college accessible to larger numbers—which is hardly the aim of aristocrats!

Assuming that Mr. Fine is a man of good will, what can be the source of his confusion? It is simply this. Like the aristocrats, we make a sharp distinction between general, or liberal, and specialized, or vocational, education. We think that any program which aims to fit men for particular economic vocations is the training of slaves, not the education of free men. We think that education which is liberal in the sense of being for freedom must be general in the sense that it prepares for the one vocation common to all men—the political vocation of citizenship. Beyond that, we think that liberal education aims at learning, not earning; and that, since learning is a lifetime's task, college education is truly liberal only if it prepares for adult education, in which all adults must participate as long as they have enough life in them to be actively engaged in citizenship.

Making this distinction does not make us aristocrats, however; for unlike the founding fathers of this country, we think that *all* men should be citizens, that all future citizens should go to college and be given an education from which *all* specialized or vocational training is excluded, and that all actual citizens should be drawn into a universal program of adult liberal education. Our opponents, with whom Mr. Fine aligns himself, agree with us that all men should be citizens and, therefore, should go to college, but they either deny that there is any distinction between vocational training and liberal education, or, admitting the distinction, it is they, not we, who say that the many must be given vocational training because only the few have the talents required for genuinely liberal education.

On the first count, their error can be tested by these questions: Will any sort of education in youth equally prepare for the exercise of a critical and free mind, without which citizenship is a mockery? Will it prepare for continued learning in adult years? On the second count, they stand charged with lacking the democratic faith that all men have enough intelligence for liberation through liberal learning, and hence for citizenship rather than puppetry.

All Mr. Fine's talk about training the mind vs. "the whole man," about an entirely required curriculum vs. electives for individual differences, about reading the great books vs.

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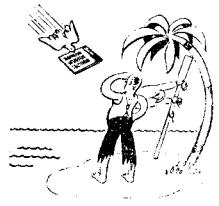
Quote

THE WEEKLY DIGEST

For those who will not be Mentally Marooned



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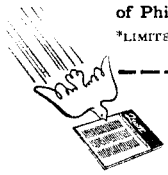

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studying the contemporary world, is beside the point; and in addition it is as full of misconceptions as his discussion of liberal vs. vocational education, and as fallacious as his statement of the issue between the aristocratic and democratic views. Mr. Fine *assumes,* for example, that the great books are for the few, and hence any educational program which requires the reading of them, along with laboratory work in the sciences and in the context of examining the contemporary world, must be aristocratic. Mr. Fine does not *know* this, nor has he bothered to look into the facts, such facts as, for example, that in Chicago over 2000 adults, many without college educations, are now profitably reading the great books and discussing their bearing on contemporary issues.

Being partisan, writing polemically, Mr. Fine sails under false colors as a reporter. One no longer expects judicial fairness or willingness to understand from the authors of "The Authoritarian Attempt to Capture Education," whose opinions Mr. Fine uncritically adopts. But *The New York Times* still claims to be doing the work of honest journalism. The only real question, thus, which this book raises is whether *The New York Times* should retain Mr. Fine in his present job.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 132

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 132 *will be found in the next issue.*

ABC DEBFGHI DJG KLEHM LFGE NC IGBEOJ LP KJBD JG CGGMI BCM EGDQECI JLAG DL PNCM ND.

—RGLERG ALLEG

—TELLS SGENDJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 131

NAPHTHA, DIPHTHERIA, DIPHTHONG AND PHTHISIC ARE WORDS CONTAINING PHTH.

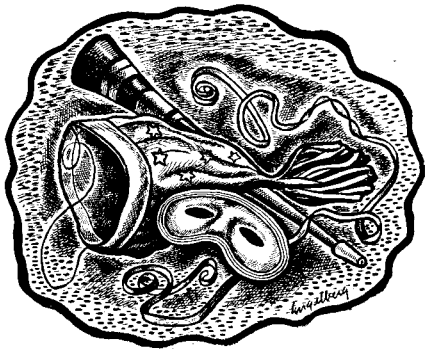
—ELLEN JANE PORTER

—Lovely Contributor.

the Phoenix Nest

MELISTORTE

In that strange land hight Melistorte,
Like the gray rampart of a fort
Rose before my riding eyes,
As my courser took the rise,
Winding walls of goodly size.
With fields white-blossomed all about,
What was it that those walls shut out?
Dust from my horse was still adrift
When I beheld blue mountains lift
Behind the walls. And then I heard
Clear chuckling lyrics of a bird
Rippling with tone like that which flows
From a gold harp's arpeggios
Venturing various essay—
Then full flood music—till the day
Dizzied while that music ran. . . .
Midway the walls a barbican,
Grim of towers, yawned its gate
Through which we seemed impelled by fate
Into a fresh pleasaunce of flowers
Breathing ease and languid hours
While, for its influence, the air
Of fragrance seemed the thurifer
That flowed around and over me
Till I was drowning in a sea
Of perfume. Then my steed stopped dead,
Shuddered his length, reached dwon his head.
I saw them coming from their bowers.
Women they were, and yet like flowers,
That soon against my saddle pressed
Lovely face and buoyant breast,
Shoulder and arm of such contour
Consorts with sylphic paramour.
To their terrestrial paradise
They welcomed whom they would entice
Deeper into redolent groves,
Laughing, murmuring of their loves.
There from hidden conduits flowing
Wine was golden, wine was glowing.
One drew me down upon the sward
To deep delight. I could not ward
Away her swift and smooth embrace
Nor the wonder of her face,
But held her wildly . . . Deep on deep
I sank then to surpassing sleep.
. . . My limbs were lead, my soul was slain.
Everywhere an arctic plain
Salt and white and cold within
Seemed to the earth a shrivelled skin.
And over me, against green stars,
Two giant slaves or janizars
Made waking wince, with sharp command,
Attending me on either hand.
We trod the mountain to a door,



Traversed a cold marble floor,
And entered a great room of state
Where that old Sire of Darkness sate
Who rules the realm of Melistorte.
Corrupt in age, he held his court
Creating murderers of those
Mad to retrieve the fervent throes
I first had known. And I remember
In that copper-glowing chamber
Those who stood along the wall
With dreadful eyes, nor spake at all;
Those who had slain for him, ere this;
Whose dry lips chewed the cannabis,
Drugged and doomed by their desire
For gardens now turned gaols of fire,
For bowers and bosoms of such ease
As Nessus wrought for Heracles,
The robe smeared with the centaur's gore
That clung, and stung whoever wore
Till madness blazed. At this assize
Murder smiled with guileful eyes
On me, yet spake with wistful air,
"Warrior, wouldst thou repair
To that elysium of delight,
To woman, nightingale, and night,
Verbena fragrance, attar of rose,
Where a moon all golden glows
On silver fountain's gauze of spray?
One I would have thee put away,
Slaying for me mine enemy—
Wouldst thou destroy him, or be he?"
That venerable infamy
Breathed with a velvet voice that stole
Like numbing venom to my soul. . . .
O then her breath seemed as my breath,
Her embrace the foil of death,
Her beauty bathed in heaven's light;
Torture by her, benedight;
Memory of her, palsied trance;
Her body and her countenance
Like long desired and dawning day.
"The weapon!" I heard someone say
Hoarsely, 'twixt a sob and groan. . . .
And knew the utterance for mine own.
Then, for its echo, a grating sound,
Like metal upon granite ground,
Those brazen walls I heard engirth
As the Assassins tried for mirth.
Was it that sound that woke in me
At last the deeper memory?
Sudden it flared: and I could see
As through a tube, a round of light,
And a small picture clear and bright
Wherein wine cups tossed at feast
Of kings and princes of the East
While execration shook the skies
"Drink! For now the foeman dies!"
The curled flesh of mine ear could hear
Trample of armies thudding near,
Whinnying of beasts, accoutrements
Clinking and jingling from the tents,
Loud shout of orders, taurian blare
From wound bronze horn, and wild fanfare.
And straightway I recalled, dismayed.
How one vedette by night had strayed
And lost his way, and come by day
Toward great inhuman walls of gray:
One outpost of the Horde, whose trust
Now in his mouth was ashen dust.
I thought, "But they should not be far
If this be in their path of war,
Nor for one hour these walls should stand!"
Then saw the weapon in my hand,
And, on each side, like iron bars,
The great arms of the janizars

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That held me. High above me doomed
The Old Man of The Mountain loomed
Leaning forward in his seat,
Flame red robed from head to feet,
Wizened death-face bearded gray,
Snake eyes glazed, that candid day
Had not shone upon for years;
His thin-lipped smile was worse than fears
Or howling wrath or menace grim.
I stood, and shook, and stared at him.
When sudden on silence came a sound
Pattering and gasping. With one bound
A loinclothed figure leapt the room,
Fell prostrate at the throne of doom,
Then raised his head, and wailing cried,
"The Tartars!" — writhed, convulsed, and died,
Swallowing his tongue to fend worse death.
I heard a hoarse and shuddering breath
Come from the throne, then a great shout,
"To arms!" And I was wrenched about—
And loosed, by my stampeded guard.
In the high door, red-scimitared,
Backed by a muttering press of men
Who rent the tall gold curtains then,
Horn-helmed stood that gigantic man,
My father, captain to the Khan.

Dove Dulcet writes:

Dove Dulcet was simply roaring with laughter about *N. Y. Times* piece "Confusions in Poetry" [*Re* Karl Shapiro's latest book — W. R.B.]. Did you notice the bits Matthiesen picked out to quote might have been from "Savonarola Brown" (one of the cutest delayed passes in criticism)? How wonderfully young are the young, Dove scrawled:—

Verse is in confusion
And "metric" has no "rimes,"
The Muse is in seclusion, says *The NY Times.*

My poet is astute: he
Disregards these things,
Sees Irony or Beauty, and goes ahead—and sings.

Good old Dove! Anyhow, he knows his Max Beerbohm, and subscribes himself "Crocodile in Pool."

INFORMATION PLEASE

"The meek shall inherit the earth"
But now I take my pen
Meekly to inquire
"WHEN?"

B. Jo Kinnick

And I will myself add another unrelated brevity to that:

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"The third factor favorable for us and Il Duce
is Franco."—*Adolf Hitler to his Commanders in Chief.*

Therefore Caudillo deserved in full the bays
By Us bestowed, through diplomatic haze.

William Rose Benét

PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

MAY I call your attention to the coupon in the December 8 and succeeding issues giving you a chance to order Series 18 when at last it comes out. As I have noted before in this column, the quotations center about childhood and youth, and I myself fell in love with it as I worked. I think you, too, will like it.

As this is the last issue of our column for 1945, may I take this occasion to thank you again for your loyal support through the year, for your stimulating letters, whether critical or otherwise, and to hope that the year ahead may be a blessed one for all. Also, may I beg that if you come to our City, you'll get in touch with me at the Hotel Henry Hudson. It is a great privilege to meet folk of your calibre, aside from the help of being able to visualize you individually as our puzzlers. Last week Miss Weiler of Colorado, sister of our DCer Edward Weiler, N. Y. City, gave me that pleasure. Her broad background acquired through travel and linguistic training and experience with European puzzles of an intricate order makes DCing play for her. Yesterday for the first time I met at happy tea those three clever ladies from Greenwich, Conn., whom I like to dub the Three Graces, owing to their intimacy with the Muses: Lady Gilbert Carter, really of Barbados, widow of a former Governor-General of that island; Mrs. Mabel Smithers, and Miss Caroline Ruutz-Rees.

Another amusing discrepancy has emerged. John Phelps, Mitchellville, Md., in a letter of appreciation, calls my attention to the misspelling, in *The N.Y. Times* DC for November, of *Erewhon*, the title of that keen satire by Samuel Butler, which you should reread for its timeliness today. He informs me that the *w* should come before the *h*. All my authorities spell it as I have done, although I have always wondered why, since we are told that Butler intended that the title should spell *Nowhere*, backward. I have asked Mr. Phelps for *his* authority.

When Rupert Hughes discovered that DC No. 607 came from his *Stately Timber*, he wrote me the brightest letter, not intended for you, else I'd give it to you in full. But this much I will share:

> Many years ago Pete Newell published one of his drawings showing a little boy in a long double-breasted coat. He is startled by a turkey and the buttons look exactly like his terrified eye-balls; so the poem read:
>
> Little Willie saw a turkey,
> A turkey bold and bad!
> And his astonishment was repeated
> Along his whole facade.
>
> That describes me exactly . . . When *Stately Timber* darkled I tore at it with wim and wigor and my astonishment was repeated along my whole facade . . . The delight of the surprise and the warmth of the compliment almost busted my buttons off. (He was wearing a double-breasted coat).

DECEMBER 29, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 614

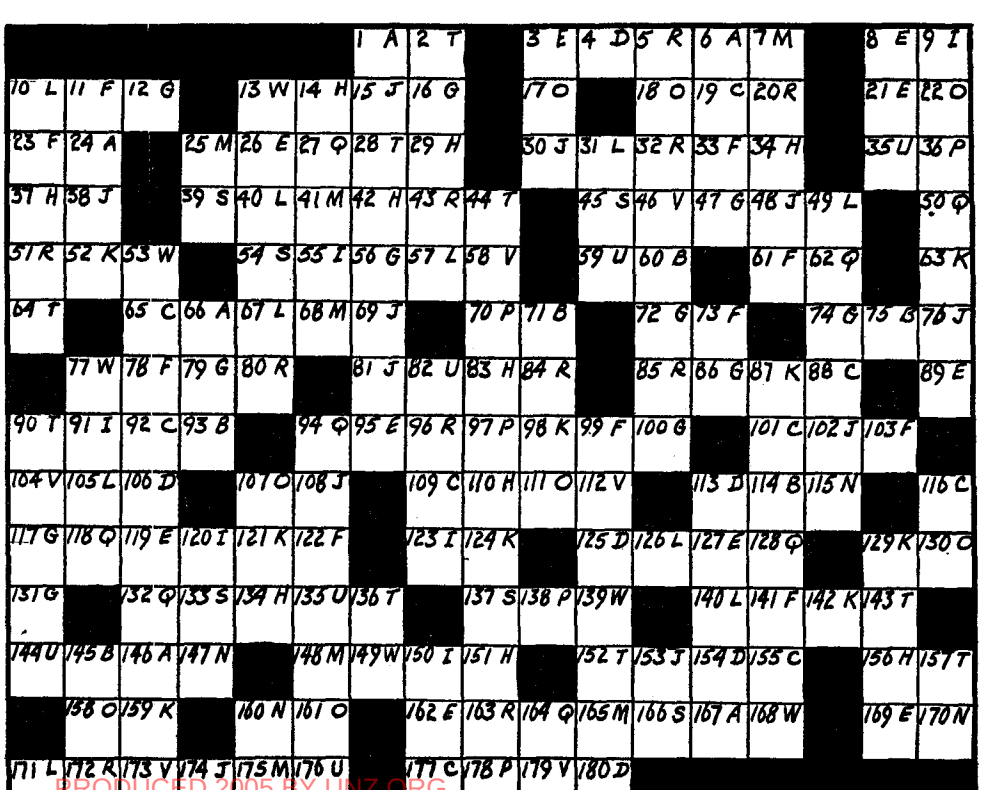
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down, the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English dramatist, collaborator, actor (1585?-1642).	66 6 1 167 146 24
B. U.S. Sec'y of State, successor to Webster (1843-4); Sec'y of War (1841-3).	114 71 60 145 75 93
C. Deliquescent.	65 92 101 116 109 19 88 155 177
D. Louts; bumpkins (U.S.).	180 106 4 113 154 125
E. Qualities inherent in a person or thing.	127 26 21 95 169 8 162 89 119 3
F. Swedes (Northwestern U.S.; slang).	103 73 61 33 99 141 23 78 11 122
G. County in southern England.	131 74 117 12 56 72 100 16 86 79 47
H. Gulls of the genus Rissa, with hind toes short or rudimentary.	29 110 134 37 14 156 42 151 83 34
I. English Parliamentary commander and regicide; son-in-law of Oliver Cromwell (1611-51).	9 55 91 123 150 120
J. Master of the Revels to Theseus (Shakespeare).	153 38 48 30 102 69 15 76 174 81 108
K. Polish woman harpsichordist, composer, etc. in America (1877-).	52 129 98 121 124 63 159 87 142
L. Expounds; elucidates; translates.	31 171 126 105 49 40 10 67 140 57
M. Cuddles up.	175 165 68 7 148 41 25
N. Great American botanist (1810-88; Hall of Fame).	170 115 160 147
O. Tatar King (title, Marco Polo story) overthrown by Genghis Khan.	107 17 130 18 111 22 158 161
P. He intervened in the discussion between Job and his friends (Bib.).	97 138 36 178 70
Q. Kinship generally; close agreement.	132 94 50 118 62 27 164 128
R. In a manner unfavorably known and talked of.	20 172 163 5 43 96 32 51 80 85 84
S. Currents of air.	54 166 137 133 45 39
T. Novel by Joseph Conrad (1920).	143 90 157 136 64 44 28 152 2
U. Mfr. first American steel (1870); N.Y. City Mayor (1887-8).	82 135 35 59 144 176
V. Hadassah (Bib.).	179 58 104 46 112 173
W. Jealous, melancholy, or the like.	168 77 139 53 149 13



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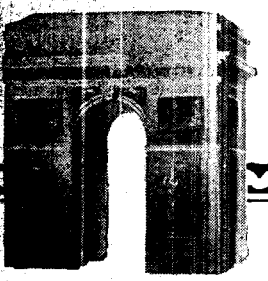

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